THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Historical Society

Vol. LXIV No 11—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10th, 1925.

$1.50 per year in advance

In the Tea Cup

the full charm of

"SALADA"

TEA

H686

is revealed. The flavor is pure, fresh and fragrant. Try it. Black, Mixed or Green Blends.

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We are open to contract with growers. Write us at Deseronto, or see our representative at the Royal Hotel, Napanee, on Saturday afternoons.

THE ONTARIO SEED CO.

DESERONTO, - ONT. 7

HARDWOOD - FLOORING!

Seaman-Kent Hardwood Flooring—Floors Re-surfaced and Finished.

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Use Satin Finish

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PICTON WOODWORKING CO.

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Electric and Light Therapy.
Centre St. (north of Bridge St.)
Hours : 10 a.m.-8 p.m.
Consultation free. Phone 301.

DOXSEE & CO.

Millinery

You can save money by buying a Hat now, as we must sacrifice the balance of our winter stock.

PRICES NO OBJECT TO CLEAR

Chamoisette Gloves in Mode and Grey shades. Regular price, $1.50.

To Clear $1.00.

NECKWEAR

Peter Pan Collars, all the newest shades in plain, checked and plaid linen, including Windsor and String Ties to match.

CORSETS A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

Mid-Winter Sale!

Ends Feb. 20th

FREE HATS

with Ordered Suits.

FREE CAPS

with Ready-to-Wear Suits—Men or Boys.

W.W.ADAMS

Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

NEWSPAPERS WANTED—Good newspapers. Apply to GIBBARD FURNITURE CO. 11-b

FOR SALE—Shorthorn Bull, Grimm's Alfalfa Seed. Apply MARK HAWLEY, R. R. 7. 9-cp

HOUSE TO RENT—Desirable brick house on West street, near Dundas street. Apply to MRS. JOHN LOWRY.

FOR SALE—One second-hand square piano, extra good condition. A real bargain. Apply to SPENCER & SON. 23

WANTED—At once, Alsike seed in quantities. Highest market price paid. Bring in a sample. GEO. E. WINTER, Dundas St.

MAN WANTED—To work on farm. Will pay $420.00 per year and board and washing. Apply to JOHN CRAVEN, Bath, R. R. 2. 11-ap

FOR SALE—Dayton Computing Scale, 24 lb. capacity, good as new. Low price for quick sale. Apply W. McMASTER, John street, Napanee.

FOR SALE—17-ft. Motor Boat, in good running order. Just right size for camp and trolling. Speed, 2 to 8 miles per hour. Apply E. L. BEDORE. 32-tf

FOR SALE—Baby Grand Gramophone, splendid tone, polished walnut cabinet, Queen Anne design, with 50 records. $100.00 cash. Apply KNIGHT'S DRUG STORE. 9-cp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET—Residence and two lots on Dundas street. Ten acres and building with sixty horse power boiler, engine and shafting on West street. MRS. MIDMER, Millhaven.

WANTED—A dependable salesman for our Trees and Shrubs. Free equipment, liberal pay. Applicant must be a hustler and absolutely honest. WELLAND NURSERY CO., Welland, Ont. 10-d

½ TON FORD TRUCK FOR SALE 1917, a sacrifice. Have you heard about the new Peerless Hand Milker. Ask your neighbor. Frost & Wood Machinery and Cockshutt Plows, Slated Roofing. Sold by SPENCER & SON. 34

FOR SALE—Good frame building formerly used as a blacksmith and woodworking shop, on the south side of Bridge St., Napanee. Building to be moved off of property by purchaser. Apply to A. O. SINE, Belleville, R. R. 6, or this office.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—100 acres of splendid soil adjoining the village of Bath. About 75 acres under cultivation, and the balance in pasture. Two good wells at the buildings, also a never failing spring in pasture. Good house and large barn. In-coming purchaser or tenant may have possession March 1st. Apply to RALPH E. SEXSMITH, Bath, Ont. 9-tf

Send Your Deposits by Mail

THOSE who find it more convenient to do their banking by mail, will find that the co-operative services of this Bank meet all requirements. Write our nearest branch to-day and arrange to do your banking by mail. You will save the trouble of frequent trips to town.

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THE DOMINION BANK

NAPANEE BRANCH

C. WAITE, - - - - - Manager.

RICHMOND MINUTES

Selby, Feb. 2nd, 1925.

The Council met in the Town Hall, Selby. The members were all present, the Reeve presiding. The minutes of last session were read and adopted.

A By-Law abolishing statute labor was drawn up.

Moved by C. Hartin, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that this By-Law, No. 729, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by M. H. Sexsmith, that a By-law be drafted for expenditure on roads in Township of Richmond in 1925 ; $5000.00 for maintenance and $2000.00 for construction. Carried.

On motion By-Law No. 730, providing for expenditure on roads was read the third time, signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that a By-law be introduced setting the dog tax at $1.00 for 1 dog, $3.00 for the second dog and $5.00 for a female. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by M. H Sexsmith, that By-Law No. 731, re dog tax, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by C. Hartin, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that By-Law No. 728 be amended to read $15.00 in place of $12.50. Carried.

Moved by E. A. McQuaig, seconded by C. Hartin, that the Auditors' Report be accepted and that they receive $15.00 each for their services. Carried.

Moved by M. Dupre, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that applications be received at March session for road engineers, also tenders for furnishing power to operate road machinery, including the furnishing of all required supplies to operate the same. Tenders to be stated per hour. Carried.

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by E. A. McQuaig, that the following accounts be paid : Mrs. Doney, aid for February, $5.00 ; Nelson Hartin, aid for February, $5.00. Carried.

Council adjourned to meet March 2nd, 1925.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

New Paint Shop.

Mr. Frank Markle has rented the Symington evaporator building at the foot of West street, and is fixing it up for a paint shop, for cars, motor boats, furniture, etc. Tops and trimmings of all kinds. Work guaranteed. 5-tf

AUCTIONEER'S NOTICE.

If you want the best services and prices, get in touch with an experienced auctioneer .For terms apply to L. S. Weaver, Stirling, Phone 81 r 1-3, or L. F. Bogart, Carson Block, Napanee, Phone 372, House 240. 52-tf

KILN DRIED WOOD FOR KINDLING

As the GIBBARD FURNITURE SHOPS have changed their boilers they now have wood in short lengths, suitable for stoves or fire places, for sale. Excellent value—$4.00 per load. Leave your order at their office or phone them.

GIBBARD FURNITURE SHOPS

9-d Limited.

NOTICE

Tenders will be received for the supply of 17 cords of green hard body wood for the Court House, Napanee. Tenders should be sent at once to J. H. McNeely, Chairman of the County Property Committee, Newburgh, and marked tenders for wood. Tenders close February 11th. 10-b

NOTICE

Last week the Napanee Marble and Granite Works received a carload of forty-five ton of silver grey granite, which is of the best quality. Anyone considering erecting a monument in the spring or summer would do well to place their order now, as we intend to manufacture through the winter months.

WM. HOWITT.

READ, REASON, THEN REAP

Now is the time to think about restocking your poultry house, so come in and let us show you the famous Buckeye Incubators and Brooders, the only way to raise chickens without a worry. Also the Royal Brooders, and a full line of Incubator and Brooder parts, feed troughs, water fonts, etc., etc. If you want absolutely no worry, and the very best results, let us do your hatching for you in our Mammoths, the very last word in Incubators. Can do so in lots from 100 to 2500 eggs at one time. Come in and let us show you our plant and talk things over. Any help we can give you from our years of experience will be free as the wind and a pleasure to do so.

We have on hand the celebrated Blatchford Poultry feeds, egglaying mash, scratch feeds and Baby Chic milk mash—the best result getters known.

We want your surplus hens and non-layers, and will pay highest prices.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.,
Napanee's Poultry Headquarters.
Two blocks South of Postoffice.
'Phones : Shop 103 ; House 298.
8-o

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The annual meeting of the Napanee Chamber of Commerce was held in the Paisley House dining room on Tuesday evening last. Dinner was served at 7 o'clock, followed by a business meeting.

Mr. J. W. Robinson, President of the Chamber, opened the business meeting with a short address, in which he outlined the activities and progress of the Chamber during the past year. Mr. Robinson could not report any very outstanding accomplishments, but pointed out that the Chamber and its officers now had more experience which would assist them in helping build Napanee in the future.

Sec'y-Treas. W. J. Wiggins presented the financial report, showing a small balance on hand.

A discussion of the amount to be charged as membership fee took place and on motion the fee was fixed at $2.00 for town and $1.00 for rural members.

The election of officers resulted as follows :

President—J. W. Robinson.

Vice-President—Patrick Gleeson.

Sec'y-Treasurer—W. J. Wiggins.

Executive—J. L. Boyes, R. R. White, F. Jas. Roblin, Dr. Morden, J. H. Moffat, W. H. Milling, W. J. Cowle.

Mr. J. B. Eliot, of Kingston, President of the Ontario Chambers of Commerce, was the guest of honor and delivered an interesting and able address, outlining the aims and objects of the Associated Board and of every Board of Commerce affiliated with the organization of which he is also President. The speaker also outlined the work of the Provincial body. The business men of every community are a good bunch of men and are the largest contributors to every worthwhile effort in their community and the general welfare of their town, and usually the largest taxpayers.

Mr. Elliot emphasized the attitude which every Chamber of Commerce should take regarding educational matters. "Give the boys the opportunity to do greater things than we have had the opportunity to do." "Have an element of kindness and appreciation to those with whom we come in contact and greatly aid to our comfort and the community spirit."

Mr. W. S. Herrington, K.C., moved a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker, which was seconded by Mr. W. J. Wiggins.

A motion was moved by W. A. Grange and seconded by Mr. W. J. Doller, that the Napanee Chamber of Commerce join the Provincial body.

A communication from Mr. Knight was referred to the Executive and will likely be discussed at the next meeting.

Mr. J. M. Simpson introduced a resolution supporting the application of Amherst Island for financial assistance from the Provincial Government in the establishment of a ferry from the Island to Mill Haven, which was carried unanimously.

The Chamber of Commerce will entertain the County Council and rural Municipal Councils at a Banquet in the Masonic Hall, during the March session of the County Council.

MOSCOW NORTH.

(For last week).

Farmers are either engaged in sawing or hauling wood.

Mr. Cecil King is all smiles, as a little boarder has applied at his home for board.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Degroff called at Mr. Cecil King's Thursday.

A number of farmers have sold horses to Mr. Cavanaugh.

Mr. Fred Vanvolkenburgh spent the week-end at McLean, visiting his daughter, Phyllis.

Glad to see Mr. Ritchie out after his severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Wagar and son, Garnet, spent a Sunday recently at Mrs. Elias Jackson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Degroff spent Monday last at Enterprise.

Mrs. Norman Jackson has returned to Harlowe, after spending a week at her home.

Miss Hazel Ritchie spent a Sunday recently at Mrs. Fred Vanvolkenburgh's.

Mrs. Henry Keech is on the sick list. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. Allan King spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Fred Vanvolkenburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter, Mrs. Elias Jackson, Mrs. Norman Jackson, Misses Florence and Anna Knapp and Master Harold Knapp spent Tuesday evening last the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Wagar.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Degroff called on Mr. and Mrs. Sampson King recently.

Misses Florence and Anna King spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Isabella Ritchie.

Mrs. Elias Jackson spent Sunday with Mrs. Philip Bell, Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Degroff spent Sunday at Mrs. Ervin Cronk's.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Wagar spent a Sunday recently with Mr. and Mrs. H. Huffman.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter spent Sunday at Miss Della Kellar's.

Mr. Earl Keech spent a few weeks at his father's.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Degroff spent a day recently at Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Orvis, Harlowe, spent a few days in this vicinity.

Mrs. Wellesley Coulter spent a day recently with Mrs. Stanley Adsit.

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

OBITUARY

F. S. RICHARDSON.

On Monday afternoon of last week, Mr. Fred S. Richardson was taken suddenly ill while at work in his photograph gallery. Mr. Richardson was taken to his home and for a day or so apparently improved, but on Thursday he passed away. Deceased was one of the oldest business men in Napanee and was known and well liked by everybody with whom he came in contact. Besides his widow he leaves one daughter, Miss Edna Richardson. The funeral took place from his late residence Friday afternoon. Services were held in St. Mary Magdalene Church and interment in Riverside vault.

MRS. GEO. A. BLEWITT.

A very sudden death took place on Wednesday evening, when Mrs. Geo. A .Blewitt passed away. Mrs. Blewitt, while not in good health for some time was able to be around the home and attending to her usual work within a short time of her sudden death. Her neighbors will miss her cheery presence and Trinity Ladies' Aid loses one of its most active and willing workers. The funeral took place on Friday from her late residence. Her husband, Mr. Geo. A. Blewitt, who is still confined to his home, is left to mourn.

SAMUEL FLEMING.

The death occurred on Feb. 1st, of Samuel Fleming, at the home of his nephew, Leslie Kellar, Camden township, near Croydon. Mr. Fleming, seventy years of age on October 27th last, was born in Camden, on a farm not far from where he died. Since the death of his wife, about ten years ago, he has made his home with Mr. and Mrs. Kellar. For some time he has suffered from the painful and weakening effects of a persistent form of anemia, which eventually caused his death. Mr. Fleming was of a kind and friendly disposition, and had many warm friends. He is survived by one brother, George, Rochester, N.Y., the only one remaining of a family of twelve ; and one son, George, also in Rochester. He was an adherent of the Presbyterian church.

MRS. J. W. HAMBLY.

Death came to a well-known home, when Mrs. John Hambly passed into eternal peace. Born at Moscow to Cyrenus Huffman and Eve Eliza Garrison, in 1862, Ida Huffman became the wife of John Hambly on Nov. 28th, 1882. Their early married life was spent on a farm in North Fredericksburgh. Twenty years ago she removed to Napanee, where with her genial disposition, and her husband's large circle of acquaintanceship, their home soon became a cheery gathering place for the cherishing of many friendships.

After a hospital illness of several weeks, in Toronto, with the full consciousness of the approaching end, she bade her loved ones a cheery good-bye, and set out to meet her Maker unafraid.

Of her two daughters, one, Olive, an honored and loved missionary in Japan, is speeding homewards, and is expected on Saturday. She has been for five years in the Sunrise Kingdom, spreading the knowledge, and love of her Master. The other, Vivian, who spent four years nursing with No. 7 Queen's University Unit, in France, together with her husband, Dr. K. E. Hollis, of Toronto, ministered most tenderly to the deceased, and are now engaged in the beautiful office of making grief bearable to their two beloveds.

Two sisters survive, Mrs. G. E. Storms and Mrs. Lutton, both of Chicago. The former was present at the funeral.

On Monday the demise occurred in Toronto. On Thursday, Feb. 5th, 1925, in the home on Centre street, Napanee, the body lay, beautifully embanked in flowers, and surrounded by loving relatives, and friends. The funeral service was conducted by the Pastor, Rev. A. J. Terrill, assisted by the Rev. Enos Farnsworth, under whose ministry, twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Hambly joined the Church.

The remains were taken to the vault at Riverside. The circumstances call forth the greatest sympathy toward those who are bereft.

MOSCOW.

The Institute was held Thursday at the home of Mrs. M. I. Huffman. The meeting was devoted to quilting, then lunch was served. The meeting was enjoyed by all.

Miss Florence Allen is spending some time with relatives at Wesley.

Wilfred Huffman spent a few days with his son in Napanee and attended the funeral of his sister, Mrs. John Hambly.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil King are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a son.

Miss Idell Ellerbeck, Kingston Business College, spent the week-end under the parental roof.

An oyster supper was held in the Orange Hall on Friday night, last under the auspices of the L.O.L.

The annual telephone meeting was held on Thursday.

COULDN'T GET AHEAD OF HER.

The New Young Man—Ah—and, Miss Thick, what do you think of the new balloon tires ?

Miss Tessie Thick—Oh, you can't fool me. They don't use tires on balloons.

VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES

At the executive meeting held February 3rd, the following report was given by Miss Gardner :

CHILD WELFARE.

Total cases during month—47.
No. clinics held—4.
Total attendance—34.

SCHOOL.

No. of visits to school—17.
No. of hours spent in school—42.
No. of children inspected—812.

NURSING VISITS.

Total number of nursing visits—103.

Total number of non-nursing visits—135.

SOCIAL SERVICE COUNCIL.

Miss Florence Johnston, who is Convenor of the Committee for this branch of the work, reported clothing sent to thirty needy children and four adults.

The Salvation Army kindly loaned a room in the Barracks for the sewing meetings, every Monday afternoon at 2.30. All are welcome to attend. All contributors of money or clothing will be gratefully received.

FEES.

Total amount raised for the month, $38.25.

SARA H. THOMPSON,
Secretary.

SILLSVILLE.

Hayburn young people put their play on in the town hall at Sillsville on Wednesday night to a good crowd. The play is a very bright comedy in three acts, called "Always in Trouble." This is their first appearance and the play well deserves being shown many times.

There is a great quantity of snow and a good thaw would be appreciated.

Mr. Sayers spent the week-end with his daughter, Miss Sayers, who boards with Mrs. M. Creighton.

Master Bruce Cuthill spent a few days last week with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robertson.

W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. H. M. Hough on Thursday.

The many friends of Mrs. Joe Hawley are pleased to learn of her improvement after a very severe and lengthy illness.

Since the Adolphustown telephone line has been purchased by Mr. Fred Perry, subscribers are promised a long distance call to Napanee for ten cents ; heretofore it has been fifteen cents. A pay station has also been established in this village. All are hoping for a more direct wire to the county town. A call on this line has always had to go through either Kingston, or Picton and Belleville to reach Napanee.

DESERONTO.

Customs and excise returns for the port of Deseronto for the month of January, 1925, were $68,257.31 and for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1924, the collections were $441,666.40. Very few towns, and in fact, several cities in Ontario, can show collections in excess of those collected at this port, and all cities, towns and almost all villages in Ontario can show a larger Government expenditure than the amount expended by the Government in Deseronto. The town is very much in need of a dock. The one now holding the location is an absolute wreck and of no use to the boats which might seek its convenience. During the navigation season freight which arrives in Deseronto by boat must locate in the fish shanties for delivery. The American pleasure craft which visit this port have no place to tie up during their visit, and the coal barges must anchor out in the bay, away from the harbor. This condition should not exist, and if the Government would allow an expenditure equalling the amount of collections at this port for a period of two months, for the improvement of this Government dock, it would only be granting to Deseronto a partial return of what is rightly ours.

Mr. I. Lyons, of the Provinciol Fisheries Department, was an official caller to Deseronto on Friday.

Mr. Wm. Gauli, of Point Annen is visiting his mother, Mrs. James Gaulin.

After a two weeks' illness, Mr. Martin Hart is again attending his duties as caretaker of the Deseronto Post Office and Custom House.

The men of the Methodist church entertained their wives and friends with a New England dinner on Thursday eve. last, in the class room of the church. The dinner was served in banquet style. Some 200 plates were laid and the dinner itself was the latest and best of its kind that the men could produce. Following the dinner the assembly were happily entertained by Mr. Chas. Cook, of Ottawa, with songs, recitals and short stories. Mr. Cook showed as an entertainer of much ability and ease. His efforts were extremely entertaining. He was ably assisted by Prof. Epps as accompanist. Prof. Epps also played a piano solo, which was especially pleasing.

Deseronto talent will present the Fun Review of 1925, with drills, choruses, dances, solos and the one-act play, "The Bootlegger's Bride," at Naylor's Theatre on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 12th.

Ice !

Ice saws and ice tongs.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

KINGSTON 6; NAPANEE 5

Kingston Irishmen defeated Napanee Friday night in a Bay of Quinte league game by the score of 6-5. This was the first game of the second half of the schedule and the victory gives Kingston a decided advantage.

The game was rather a listless one during the first period and the home team were having the best of the play, but during the second and third period both teams warmed up and displayed some very fast hockey. Kingston appeared on the ice with another changed line-up. They had Lloyd Brown, the old Frontenac defense man, Meltz, of the Circle Six Juniors and "Chesty" Compeau, of baseball fame and all three were decided acquisitions to their team. Brown, although not in the best of condition, is just as effective as ever and his bullet-like shot resulted in two of of his teams goals. He was good on the defence and was a hard man to get past.

Napanee had the most of the play and Tobin in goal had twice as many shots to handle as did the Napanee goalers. With only one minute and a half of time left in the first period, Babcock, who had been playing a beautiful game in Napanee's team received a nasty cut on the lip and he was replaced by "Dud" Chambers. Chambers gave a good account of himself, but he has not had the experience of Babcock and a couple of long shots beat him. Had "Bab" not been hurt the score would no doubt have been reversed.

In the first period Kingston were the first to test Babcock, who made two nice saves. Brown rushed and was stopped by Hudgins, who carried the puck and passed to Johnston, who tested Tobin with a hot one. Hudgins intercepted a pass and on a double pass with Merrill, scored the first goal for Napanee. Three minutes later he rushed again and on a beautiful piece of combination work passed to Merrill, who scored the second goal. Kingston missed a nice chance at this stage, but a few minutes later, Millan waltzed around the Napanee defence and beat Babcock from close in. With only a minute and a half to go, Babcock was hurt and carried off the ice.

Chambers came out for Babcock in the Napanee goal. Hudgins and Merrill combined and got right through the Kingston team, but Hudgins' shot was over the top of the goal. Shortly after Merrill scored for Napanee on a scrimmage in front of the goal. Chambers stopped two hot ones in quick succession. Merrill missed a nice chance when he got through the whole Kingston team, but shot wide of the goal. Kingston scored their second goal on a shot from outside the defence, Meltz doing the trick. In two minutes Kingston scored again and evened the count. With only a few minutes left Johnston came down the wing and carried through to the boards. He following up and shot from behind, the puck hitting Tobin on the pad and dropping into the goal. Kingston claimed this was not a goal and caused a dispute, but the referee allowed the score.

The fastest hockey of the game was displayed in the third period. Purdy made a nice rush and was almost through when Naphin hooked the puck from under his stick. Brown came down the centre and split the defence, and shot. It was a hot one and hit Chambers on the arm and dropped into the goal. Purdy put Kingston one up when he shot and the puck hit the boards behind the goal and rebounded out and no one was there to block him. In a few minutes Purdy scored again on an easy shot from outside the defence, making it 6-4.

Johnston had a nice chance to score and was right through with only the goal tender to beat when Compeau threw his stick and saved a sure goal. With Compeau off Napanee had the advantage and had many shots on goal. Kingston suffered another penalty and with two men off, the play was all in their territory. They played the old time game of killing time, by shooting the puck up the ice. Johnston scored on a nice piece of combination work, and the locals had by far the best of the period, but Tobin stopped them from all angles. Once Naphin got through, but his shot hit the goal post and Merrill, Hudgins and Johnston combined, but was called back for an outside pass. The game ended with score 6-5, favor of Kingston.

Mr. Leo. Barrett, of Kingston, handled the game in his usual efficient manner and gave entire satisfaction. A fair sized crowd witnessed the game and although the home team did not win, they were rewarded by a good game, and every player on the Napanee team gave the best that was in him. For the visitors Brown and Purdy were the best.

Following is the line-up :

Kingston—Goal, Tobin ; defense, Brown, Angrove ; centre, Purdy ; wings, Millan and Lawless ; subs, Compeau and Meltz.

Napanee—Goal, Babcock and Chambers ; defense, Hudgins and Bentley ; centre, Merrill ; wings, Naphin and Johnston ; subs, Huffman and Douglas.

Leon Spencer, of Picton, is bringing over his good team of Picton Juniors to play an exhibition game with the Napanee team on Tuesday night. Picton has a smart team and the game should be a good exhibition of hockey.

Wood-cutting Supplies !

Axes, Crosscut Saws and Splitting Wedges.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

MAPLE LEAF INSTITUTE

The regular meeting of the Maple Leaf Institute was held at the home of our Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. W. G. Fretts, one week later, owing to poultry days falling on our day, it being December 4th., a large crowd being present. The meeting opened by Ode and community songs, which was heartily joined in by all, followed by the Lord's prayer. The District President, Mrs. Wilfred Haight, Conway Institute, who attended the Ottawa convention, gave us a bright and interesting report of that convention, which was full of excellent points to be remembered by each one present.

A sale of fancy basketry from the Canadian Institute for the blind Canadian soldiers, was well patronized by those present, and an order was to be sent for, to be had at the January meeting, with an order for brooms also. A pretty piece of music was then given by one of the members. Lunch was served by Mesdames W. G. Schell, C. Fretts, F. Lampkins, C. Day and I. Asselstine. A hearty vote of thanks was then given our hostess and the ladies who served.

A special meeting of the Executive was called by the President on Jan. 9th, at Mrs. W. G. Fretts,' in which six officers were present, and some very important ideas were discussed and settled upon, namely, the donation the Society was about to place in Hawley and Big Creek Schools. It was decided to give three games and a flag to each. A committee was then decided upon to purchase the same, Mrs. Fraser Lampkins and the President, Mrs. Wesley Cummings. Two ladies were then appointed to go before the newly elected council of North Fredericksburgh to ask if they would increase the grant of $5.00 to the Society. A few other little suggestions that were offered by those present at last meting was talked over.

On January 29th, the meeting at the home of Mrs. Alfred Scrimshaw was held, with a goodly number of ladies present. Many thanks to the gentlemen who so kindly conveyed the ladies there in loads, as the roads and weather were much to be considered.

The meeting opened in the usual manner. The Secretary then read the minutes of two previous meetings. The ladies that were appointed to wait upon the new council gave the report as being met with a very sharp disapproval, asking them what we were doing in the schools, when the President made known to them what we had done last year. A motion was made by one of them but it was dropped. Mrs. Lampkins then on behalf of the school committee presented her bill of what they had purchased for the schools this year, namely, three games, Parchesi, Flinch, Checkers, which we hope the children and all concerned will appreciate, for the employment of the school children during the winter months when it is not fit for them to find recreation out of doors with the thermometer running at 38 degrees below zero. We hope the scholars will appreciate our thoughtfulness and exercise great care in the using of them. The flags are surely an adornment to any building and we hope when the holidays are, we may see the proud and noble Union Jack floating on the top of the school, as it is twelve feet long. Towels and pillow slips were made for our room 17, Kingston general hospital. Two of the members are donating red and white and piecing a quilt, which they hope to have ready for the February meeting.

A letter of thanks wes read from a member that has been ill, to the Societay.

The basketry and brooms were again on sale. The brooms are well worth the money, as one would decide when the members returned to their homes, each trying to protect herself from the blinding snow storm that greeted them.

Lunch was served by Mesdames Wm. Cummings, Almond Scrimshaw, and Wesley Cummings.

A hearty vote of thanks was given our genial hostess, and, as we left, we felt it had been a profitable meeting.

PRESS REPORTER.

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MAKE A FRIEND OF YOUR CAR

By ERWIN GREER

(President Greer College Automotive Engineering, Chicago).

Get acquainted with the inside of your motor car. Study its characteristics. Get into the habit of looking after it personally as much as possible. By so doing you will get the most out of your automobile and you will find a new satisfaction in owning a car.

In this day of simplified mechanics the average owner is too often in the habit of allowing the car to take care of itself. As a matter of fact, there is necessity for mechanical knowledge in the actual operation. Expert engineers have so designed the car that women can drive it as well as men. Nevertheless, the owner who simply knows how to start his own car, regulate its speed and then stop it, while he may never be called on for further knowledge concerning its working, is losing a lot of pleasure which he could have at no expense.

There are thousands of owners who pay absolutely no attention to the inside of their car, and run it until it stops, no matter how great a strain the machine is operated under. It is that class of owners who complain about the maintenance cost of their car.

They not only fail to get comfortable riding and they not only lose time while the car is being repaired at some garage, but they lose the keen enjoyment which one should get out of owning a perfect piece of mechanism.

If every owner studied his machine and learned the details of its inside mechanism, he would soon become attached to it as is the average sea captain to his ship or the railroad engineer his engine.

Next Week's Article: "How to Trace Tractor Troubles."

THE CIGARETTE BEETLE.

This Tough Little Pest Will Flourish Even in Cayenne Pepper.

A tiny but withal practically omnivorous little fellow, the cigarette beetle is known to science as Lasioderma serricorne. It is common in nearly all tropical and subtropical countries, and, as a sample of its catholic tastes, we may mention that it will breed in raisins, rhubarb, cayenne pepper, rice, ginger, dried fish, upholstery, ergot, turmeric, books, cane work, gun wads, liquorice, saffron, belladonna and in pyrethrum powder strong enough to kill cockroaches—a varied catalogue to be sure. It is chiefly as a pest of tobacco, in various forms, however, that the cigarette beetle has become notorious. The greatest damage is done to the wrappers of cigars and cigarettes, through which it eats small holes.

The larvae live upon the tobacco leaf, and a very interesting fact is that the size of the adult beetles, into which the larvae eventually develop depends not only on the quantity, but also on the quality, of tobacco that has been devoured in the immature stages. Experiment has shown that in every case beetles obtained from selected cigars were double the size of those from low grade tobacco. It will be remembered that the cheese "skipper" is partial to the better cheeses; similarly, the cigarette beetle is somewhat of a connoisseur, for given a free choice cigarettes are always the first to be infested, while cheap grade tobacco and cigars kept in the same room will remain uninfested for years.

Apart from the actual destruction of the tobacco leaf, the larvae spoil its aroma and accordingly depreciate its value; it is some consolation to know that the adults themselves do no damage. This little beetle is most difficult to eradicate, and, to that end, an experimental X ray machine was specially built at great expense in America. The machine was to be capable of "sterilizing" cigars, on a commercial scale, at the rate of 40,000 a day; voltages of 64,000 to 75,000 and exposures as long as an hour were tried without the slightest effect upon eggs, larvae, pupae or adults—the experiment was a failure.—"Insects and Man," by C. A. Ealand.

Correct.

Jack—You say Jones is living above his income.

Bill—Yes; he gets his income from an apartment house and lives on the top floor!—New York Globe.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

NEW BOOK MAKES ROMANCE OF HISTORY

Tells Story of Canadian Pacific Railway and Building of Dominion

R. G. MacBETH

A facetious American once referred to the Canadian Pacific Railway as "Canada on Wheels." Great as it is, the Canadian Pacific would be the last to appropriate such an appellation. It can be truthfully said, however, that to understand the recent history of the Dominion one must know that of the Canadian Pacific. Now at last comes a volume, well illustrated with photographs, which presents that history in its most palatable form—that is, in a form emphasizing the human factor,—"The Romance of the Canadian Pacific Railway," by R. G. MacBeth (the Ryerson Press, Toronto, $2.50).

The author, who has a number of historical works to his credit, is singularly well equipped. Apart from his literary skill, he has the advantage of having lived in the Canadian West all his life. He has always been in close touch with the Canadian Pacific, though he is careful to point out that he has never been connected with it and has written and published his book independently.

Mr. MacBeth here traces the amazing story of the company's development into the world's greatest transportation system; of the steamships, of the telegraph and express; colonization; irrigation; hotels and bungalow camps; of its war service and of all its activities, with a wealth of interesting detail which illustrates the brilliant administrative and organizing ability of its executive.

Canadians should be proud, as Mr. MacBeth reminds them, that their country approved the construction of this pioneer transcontinental when the population was only 4,000,000, though the United States had not dared to undertake a similar road till she had ten times that number. The frightful difficulties, political, technical and financial, through which the company's sponsors and founders fought their way to victory are well summarized. For instance, it is recalled that sections of the line north of Lake Superior cost $500,000 a mile to build, and a muskeg east of Winnipeg swallowed seven tracks before it was conquered. The author shows that the triumphant accomplishment of the work was especially creditable because it took place in a period of immense depression.

Sir William Van Horne, general manager and later president, that man of tireless energy, vision and determination, is the central figure in the volume and there are many anecdotes illustrating his versatile character. But all the other great men of the company — Mount Stephen, Shaughnessy, Beatty, Angus, and a host of others—receive their due. Lord Shaughnessy's fine words: "The shareholders and directors of the company have always been impressed with the idea that the interests of the company are intimately connected with those of the Dominion and no effort or expense has been spared to help in promoting the development of the whole country" are amply backed by the company's deeds. And the author makes a statement which is very a propos when he says: "The country and the railway, in such a case as this, must stand or fall together. Each is necessary to the prosperity of the other. Hence for one to attempt the destruction of the other is practically a roundabout but effective way for that one to commit suicide."

Quaint Old Ceremony.

There is a quaint old ceremony carried out annually at Knightlow Cross, near Coventry, England, which is known as the "wroth silver" ceremony.

The term "wroth" is a corruption of an Anglo-Saxon word "weorth," meaning a field, and the money in this particular instance is paid by the representatives of certain parishes to the Duke of Buccleuch.

Annually on the morning of November 10, before sunrise, the steward of the estate takes his stand close to a curious square stone, which formerly supported a wayside cross, and calls on the representatives of the various parishes to pay their "wroth."

The sums claimed are quite small, varying in amount from three-halfpence (three cents) to two shillings and threepence-halfpenny (about fifty-seven cents); but failure to make payment entails, according to the ancient charter, the forfeiture of a white bull with red nose and ears.

Herein is a link with the wild cattle of early days, showing the extreme antiquity of the custom.

Six Times Instead of Four.

There was a complaint in a village a few miles from Edinburgh regarding tram-car fares. For four rides into the city the company charged a shilling. This, in the opinion of many, was too much. A delegation visited the offices of the company and made representations in favor of a lower rate, and it was decided that thereafter six tickets might be had for the former price.

The villagers returned home rejoicing, but there was at least one man who did not share in the view that a wise step had been taken.

"It's foolishness," he declared. "Now we've got to walk to town six times instead of four times to save a shilling."

Selling—when roads are bad

"My sales always used to drop off in the early months of the year when the roads were bad and I could not travel. But not now!

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"They like it — it saves me travelling expense — and I can do business with them in a fraction of the time it takes me when travelling."

Who could you sell today by Long Distance?

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THE JOURNALIST'S BOOTS.

Wickham Steed Tells a Remarkable Story.

Mr. Wickham Steed, the London journalist, tells a remarkable story in connection with the murder, some years ago, of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia. He says:

The revolting details of the crime, the strange apathy of the Russian Minister at Belgrade who heard the explosion as the door of the palace was blown in, but did nothing until he saw the bodies of the King and Queen thrown from the window, and the reign of terror afterwards established by the regicide officers, are matters of history. But one tragicomic incident remains in my memory.

The day before the assassinations, a well-known Danish journalist had 'interviewed" King Alexander, who had wished him also to "interview" Queen Draga on the morrow. Though he had intended to leave Belgrade that night, the journalist decided to stay on at his hotel for twenty-four hours and, after writing out his interview with the King, went to bed, leaving a pair of patent leathed boots outside the door of his room so that they might be cleaned in readiness for his audience of the Queen in the morning. He woke late, dressed hurriedly, and opened the door to get his boots. They had disappeared. He rang for the valet, but in vain. Then he went to the head of the stairs and shouted for a maid or a waiter. At length a boy appeared.

"Where are my patent leather boots?" asked the journalist.

"You need no patent leather boots," the boy replied.

"You impudent young rascal, I must have my boots," roared the journalist. "Bring them immediately."

"I tell you, you need no patent leather boots," persisted the boy.

"Devil take you," shouted the journalist. "I am expected at the palace. I have to see the Queen. Bring me my patent leather boots at once."

"The Queen is dead," said the boy with a smirk. "The King is also dead! The Prime Minister is also dead; the War Minister is also dead! I tell you, you want no patent leather boots."

Our First Electric Railway.

In "First Things in Canada," the late George Johnson, for many years Dominion Statistician, writes: "Electricity was first used as a motive power in Canada, in 1883. A short piece of track was laid on the grounds of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. The motor did not 'mote' to any extent owing to the dynamo used on the car being a double armature one, with only one pole-piece to each armature." However, the car made trips over the short line.

The well-known engineer, Granville C. Cunningham, in an article on "Canadian Electric Street Railways," wrote: "The first electric system that was put into public service in Canada was that constructed at St. Catharines, Ont., and opened in the autumn of 1887. The line was seven miles in length. The motor cars of the Van der Poell system were run on it, and the current was supplied on the double trolley wire plan with an over-running trolley. The current flowed out on one wire, was conveyed from the trolley by wire connections down to the car motors, passed through them, up another wire to the trolley, and thence by a second overhead wire back to the power-house. This was the only system of the double trolley wire used in Canada, and was continued with fair success for some six or seven years. The complications caused by the double wire at intersections and branch-offs made it unsuitable for general adoption on a large scale."

Britain's Smallest House.

Britain's smallest house is at Conway Quay, North Wales; it has a frontage of 6 feet, is 10 feet 2 inches high, and measures 8 feet 4 inches from front to back.

Great Paul.

The largest bell in Britain is "Great Paul," in the southwest tower of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. It is 9½ feet in diameter, and weighs seventeen tons.

NEUTRALIZATION OF CREAM FOR BUTTERMAKING

Mr. F. W. Jones, B.S.A., Chief of the Division of Dairy Manufacturers in the Dairy and Cold Storage Branch at Ottawa, is the author of an eight-page pamphlet that can be had from the Publications Branch at the Capital, on the "Neutralization of Cream for Buttermaking." In his opening paragraph Mr. Jones points out that the partial neutralization of the lactic acid in cream is necessary to ensure the efficient pasteurization of cream for buttermaking. The pasteurization of unneutralized cream results, he says, in a high loss of fat in the buttermilk and a poorer quality of butter owing to a higher curd content. When butter is made from unpasteurized cream neutralization is unnecessary and inadvisable. Mr. Jones proceeds to detail the process that should be followed in the preparation and application of neutralizers and the results that are obtained from the various methods of neutralization. He also explains the best way to test cream for acidity.

IRON.

Has Had a Great Effect Upon the Progress of the Human Race.

Development of processes for the production of metals, particularly iron, have had a greater effect upon the progress of the human race than any other accomplishment of material science, is the opinion of Sir Henry Fowler, K.B.E., a vice-president of the British Association.

Among the very important developments was the utilization of coke instead of charcoal in blast furnaces, he said, as prior to that period, not only were the English forests becoming depleted, but there was an insufficient production of cast iron to meet the demand. Shortly after the general adoption of coke the first iron bridge was built, the first monument to the far-reaching effect which metals were to have upon the development of modern transportation.

With the discovery of the process for making steel by Bessemer, possibly the greatest forward stride was taken. Further discoveries by Sir Robert Hatfield enabled manufacturers to produce steel with varying qualities, due to the introduction of such elements as magnesium, silica, etc.

Another triumph of metallurgy which has played a tremendous part in the spread of civilization was the perfecting of type metal, an alloy of lead and antimony, without which printing could never have reached its present perfection or distribution. Development of metal filaments for incandescent lamps was another example of how the art of the metallurgist has had a far-reaching effect upon the lives of the people.

Too often, however, thought Sir Henry, the metallurgist's products had been used for purposes of destruction rather than warfare. "I can assure you," he said, "that we are bending our efforts toward an ideal of service — that we feel that knowledge can best be used in promoting the happiness and comfort of the human race."

The Plantagenets.

In English history the royal house or dynasty that succeeded the Normans is known as the Plantagenet, a name derived from two Latin words, "planta genista," which is the name of the broom-corn, a sprig of which was usually worn by Geoffrey of Anjou on his cap. It is doubtful whether this custom of his is to be taken to indicate his love of the outdoor life and field sports, or as a sign that he was not ashamed of the humble origin of his house, which had for its founder a woodman of Rennes, France. The name of the family was Angevines, and their house is called the House of Anjou as well as the House of Plantagenet. On the whole its leaders were men of ability, possessing great strength of character and indomitable courage.

The Angevines of the House of Anjou or Plantagenet became connected with England by the marriage of 1127 of Matilda, daughter of Henry I. of England, the third of the Norman King, with Geoffrey V., Count of Anjou, whose possessions were in France. Their son became King of England upon the death of Stephen, last of the direct Norman line, on October 25, 1154. He is known in English history as Henry II., first of the Plantagenets. Henry's reign of thirty-five years was a "period of amalgamation." The Norman central and monarchical system, and the old Saxon local and popular system, hitherto existing side by side, were connected by Henry and combined into a single whole, out of which, a generation later, the English constitution began to develop. He did much to establish that alliance of King and people which finally produced the national English monarchy.

Unanswerable.

One of the best of many good stories told of Lord Leverhulme turns upon a ready retort with which he once silenced an interrupter at a meeting he was addressing.

The question that was put to him was which he considered the most important factor in industry: Labor, capital or brains?

Lord Leverhulme replied with a merry twinkle in his eye: "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY CHARLES G. TRUMBULL,
Editor of The Sunday School Times.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE

Sunday, Feb. 15.—Mark 14 : 32-42.

Golden Text—Not what I will, but what thou wilt (Mark 14 : 36).

"Gethsemane" means "oil press." The garden to which our Lord came with his disciples was "presumably of olives and furnished with a press to squeeze oil from the fruit." Is there significance in the word Gethsemane, remembering that this was one of the times and places of supreme agony in our Lord's earthly life and ministry.

Let us notice the three steps of stages in our Lord's Gethsemane experience.

First, "He saith to His disciples, Sit ye here, while I pray." In this first part of the experience He had all the eleven disciples with Him.

Then, "He taketh with Him Peter and James and John.......... and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death; tarry ye here and watch." The little inner-circle of three, the men closest to Him, were with Him at this second point.

But now we read, "And He went forward a little," or as the record in Matthew says, "And He went a little farther." The third stage of His experience was one that none could share with Him, not even the three apostles. He was within their sight, but what He was now facing was not and never could be within their experience. Let us never use the expression, "My Gethsemane." There has been but one Gethsemane in time and eternity, and that is the Lord Jesus Christ's, and His alone. As the character and person of Christ are unique, so His sacrifice and experiences in redeeming mankind were unique; never to be shared in or approached by any created human being.

But the inspired record indicates that it strengthened and comforted the Lord to have His close friends and disciples with Him, even though they had to be at a distance. What an unspeakable privilege for them! And what an unspeakable privilege for us today to realize that we can still share in "the fellowship of His sufferings."

Yet the seemingly unbelievable fact is that the inner-circle of our Lord's chosen three disciples in this hour of His agony of spirit and suffering of body, called out all the world as they were to help Him by their presence, sympathy and prayers, went to sleep! Three times during His prayer conflict in the garden He comes to them, evidently for fellowship and understanding, and each time He finds them sleeping (vs. 37, 40, 41). After the last and third time they had forever lost one of the greatest opportunities that God could ever give them.

Of what great blessings has sleep robbed us? It is an illuminating, even a startling experience to take a Concordance and go through various passages that speak of sleep as a subtle enemy of us all. Sleep is a great blessing in its proper time and place, but our adversary, Satan, can use it for terrible injury to us and to others through us.

While they were sleeping, the Lord Jesus Christ, praying in such agony that "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke 22 : 44), cried out to God "that, if possible, the hour might pass from Him." He asked God to "take away this cup from Me." What was this "hour" and this "cup"? Various answers have been made by able and consecrated Bible students. A suggestive and Scriptural one has been offered by a Toronto physician, Dr. E. St. George Baldwin. He believes that Satan was attacking our Lord's body in Gethsemane in order to produce physical sickness, Satan often being the author of sickness and disease. The Hebrew of Isaiah 53 : 3, "Surely He hath borne our griefs," is "sickness." And we know from Malachi 1 : 8 that the offering of the sick as a sacrifice, was evil in the sight of the Lord; the Mosaic law forbade the sacrifice of any blemished victim.

"How severe and determined the attack upon the Lord's body was, we may gather from one of the results mentioned. His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. A literal translation would be "clots of blood." Surely such a departure from the norman indicates the intensity of the effort to sever the spirit of the Son of God from His earthly tabernacle, and how deeply He must have experienced in this affliction the possibilities of bodily suffering through sickness............The Lord knew that His Father had determined beforehand that He was to be made sick; and so, in submission to His Father's will, He prays that it may be removed. His prayer is answered. He is strengthened by the angel, meets Judas and his armed bands, and the progress to the cross begins."

And so we read in Hebrews 5:7: "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared."

USE HOME GROWN RED CLOVER SEED

(Experimental Farm Notes)

Red Clover seed has been a failure, or partial failure during the past season in a great many districts where seed is usually produced. Such a condition always means danger for the farmers in Canada, particularly in those sections where severe winters sometimes interfere with our red clover stands.

The danger to which I refer is that of scouring imported red clover seed from regions where sorts, non-hardy for our conditions, are produced. A shortage of domestic red clover seed on the American continent always means heavier importation of foreign seed. Seed has been coming from France and Italy and therein lies, at least in part, our danger.

Tests of the relative hardiness of domestic and foreign red clovers have been conducted on the Dominion Experimental Farms for a number of years past. Without exception, French and Italian clovers have winter killed badly under most conditions, while English seed and that secured from the southern portion of the red clover areas in the United States has been less hardy than Canadian grown seed.

Seed from Sweeden and the Northern States has compared quite favorably with our own.

Because of the difficulty of securing accurate information as to the origin of imported red clover seed, our Canadian farmers are urged to secure locally grown seed where possible, providing such seed can be secured reasonably free from noxious weeds. It would be much more profitable to plant a larger quantity of local seed, the germination of which was impaired to some extent, than to take a chance of winter killing in the case of imported clovers, the origin of which was not known.

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PARIS SLEUTH-HOUNDS

SECRET POLICE A TERROR TO LAW-BREAKERS.

Sidelights on the Great Detective Force That Was Making History Long Before There Was a Scotland Yard—Tests for 'Tecs.

Some years ago, before Sherlock Holmes and Sexton Blake pegged out a claim for Britain, all the great detectives of fiction had their home in Paris. And the Parisian "secret police" were in actual fact a terror to law-breakers long before Scotland Yard came into existence.

Even to-day, though detective science has made enormous strides in every civilized country, the sleuth-hounds of Paris are second to none in cleverness and courage.

Both qualities are very necessary, for the French police are sometimes given very knotty problems to unravel. And they have, too, to wage constant war with the Parisian apache, the most dangerous and ruthless hooligan in the whole world.

When the apache is in danger of arrest he will charge his would-be captor with lowered head, effectually disabling him by a crashing blow "below the belt."

But the Paris policeman is too wary a bird to be easily caught. Stepping quickly aside, he deals his man a heavy blow in the nape of the neck as he passes, thus placing him hors de combat, or with raised knee he counters the blow, and before his dazed aggressor can recover sends him to earth with a sledgehammer fist.

With what coolness the detective can face even a large gang of these ruffians the following experience of Monsieur Goron, late chief of the Paris Service de Surete, will show. Once, after midnight, M. Goron was walking alone and unarmed along the solitary road that borders the fortifications in the Panton Quartier when he saw a number of apaches sitting round a fire. It was too late to retreat, for he had been seen and no doubt recognized.

"I was not long in making up my mind," he says. "Going up to the group, I said:

"'Good evening!'

"'Good evening!' they repeated without enthusiasm. Then they stood motionless, eyeing me suspiciously.

"'I want you to do me a favor,' I continued. 'It is a long way to the police headquarters, the road is not very safe, and I shall feel obliged if two or three of you will accompany me so far.'"

Then, pointing to the two most villainous-looking members of the gang, M. Goron asked them to act as his escort. Sullenly responding to the invitation, the brace of desperadoes accompanied him back to headquarters.

Had M. Goron shown any hesitation or fear he would almost certainly have lost his life. But there is no emergency to which the Parisian detective is not equal and no risk he is not prepared to take. At an hour's notice he will start on the track of a murderer or burglar, and disappear, perhaps for weeks, in the lowest slums of Paris, rarely returning without having run his quarry to earth.

For this purpose he can assume any one of a score of disguises, each so clever as to baffle detection. He will play the role of butcher or beggar, count or cabman, and play each to the life. He combines, indeed, the skill of a clever actor with the nose of a bloodhound. One week he may be rubbing shoulders with rank and fashion; the next, hobnobbing with criminals in the lowest cabarets.

One of the smartest detectives of Paris once masqueraded for weeks as a wrestler, until at last he was able to put the handcuffs on a professional Hercules who had committed a particularly brutal murder. Another worked as scullion at a restaurant, and only left his plate-washing when he had discovered a couple of much-wanted thieves among his fellow-employes.

More than five thousand arrests stand to one detective's credit, the majority of them effected single-handed and almost all at considerable risk. Yet he has only received injuries—and these but slight—on four occasions.

The history and whereabouts of every known criminal are on its records. No lawless meeting can be held that is not attended by one or more of its officers in disguise, and every gaming-room is constantly under similar surveillance. The harmless-looking old gentleman or young sprig of fashion who is your neighbor at the roulette-table is very possibly an officer of the law masquerading as a gambler.

It is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at that the Paris detective system is such a perfect machine, for not only are its officers chosen from the best material in France, but they are trained for their work with a thoroughness unknown in any other country. It is only after a long period of schooling by experts that they are allowed to commence their duties.

How exacting this training is may be gathered from the following test which a student must pass at a very early stage of his coaching. He is placed in the centre of a brilliantly lighted room. After a few seconds the light is extinguished and the pupil is then expected to draw a plan of the room, marking the exact position of the furniture and other objects in it.

In another test, after a moment's glance he is asked to describe a face accurately, giving color of hair and eyes, and then to pick out a portrait of it from hundreds of other photographed faces.

A third and still more difficult test is for the student to enter a darkened room full of curious and unusual objects, and, after passing his hands over them, to leave the room and give a minute account of its contents.

When Heads Were Lopped Off.

The office of executioner in the middle ages was considered a very honorable one, and in Germany and Switzerland, many successful headsmen were honored with titles. The usual headsman's weapon was a sword of extraordinary weight and dimensions. A typical blade was six feet long, with a huge handle to be grasped with the two hands, and with an iron ornamented knob as counterpoise at the end of the handle. Considering its size and weight it was easily carried; for not only was there a crosspiece as handguard, but above this was a crescent worked in the iron, the horns extending with the convexity toward the point of the handle. By putting a couple of fingers under these horns, the sword was carried at the side pommel downwards, blade up, with perfect ease, the balance was so true. Such swords — usually bearing many notches—are to be found among the curio collections of continental Europe, especially those in ancient German towns.

Evidently Knew His Man.

This story is told by the Earl of Londesborough of his soldiering days, when he was Captain Hugo Denison.

It concerns a brother officer, who, being dunned persistently by a tailor to whom he was indebted, eventually, in order to gain time, gave him a promissory note payable in three months.

At the end of the stipulated period the long-suffering tradesman duly put in an appearance, with the note ready in his hand. He found his debtor seated at a table counting out sundry little piles of notes and gold.

"It's no use looking at that," said the officer; "the whole of it is already bespoken for debts of honor."

"Very well, sir," replied the tailor, tearing up his security and throwing it on the fire, "now mine is a debt of honor."

"So it is, and must be paid at once," said the other, handing over the money.

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CHESTNUTS REROASTED.

Seymour Hicks Reroasts Some of His Funniest Chestnuts.

Few people can have met more famous wits and raconteurs than Mr. Seymour Hicks. The celebrated actor has now collected some of the good stories he has heard into a book which he calls "Chestnuts Reroasted." Here is a sample from the bag:

Some convicts were being transferred from one prison to another. Something went wrong with the arrangements, and they were kept standing on the platform of a small station in the rain for several hours. At last one of them said to the warder, bitterly: "Sir, if this is the way His Majesty treats his convicts, all I can say is that he doesn't deserve to have any."

One of the most famous of practical jokers was the great comedian, J. L. Toole. One night he was going home very late, or, rather, very early in the morning. His way was past the house of Attenborough, the pawnbroker, so Toole rang the bell violently and threw stones at Attenborough's window. Presently a head appeared.

"Please, Mr. Attenborough, can you tell me the time?" asked Toole.

"Time?" said the pawnbroker, furiously; "how dare you ask me that at this time of night? Haven't you got a watch?" "No," said Toole. "That's the trouble; you've got it."

George Grossmith, the entertainer at the piano, and father of the present G. G., was once boasting of his success to an unsuccessful actor. "The trouble with you people in the theatre," said Grossmith, "is that you have to have a big company with heavy expenses. Now I've just made thirty thousand pounds with a piano and a dress suit."

"Yes," said the other, "but all people don't look so beastly funny in a dress suit."

Two amateurs were watching John Roberts, a former billiards champion, making some marvellous shots. Presently one said to the other, "What game is he playing?" "Billiards," was the reply. "Oh," said the first man; "then what's the game we play?"

Mr. Hicks tells a story of two men who went to see the Beckett-Carpentier fight in which the former was knocked out in fifteen seconds. They took their seats just as "Time" was called. One man said: "This is going to be an exciting fight . . . wasn't it?"

Some of our country theatres, writes Mr. Hicks, do not possess the staff that might be considered necessary by some people. A touring managed who was booked to appear with his company at a small town wrote to the manager of the theatre telling him that he would arrive for a full rehearsal on Sunday morning.

"I shall require," he said, "twenty-five in the orchestra, six men on each side of the flies, eight limelight men, and fifteen stage hands."

He received a reply by wire: "All right; I'll be there."

Another gem from "Chestnuts Reroasted," says Tit-Bits, is the story of the eminent lawyer, Sir John Strange, who was discussing his epitaph with his wife.

"I want everything to be as simple as possible," he said. "Don't put my name on my tombstone. Just put, 'Here lies a lawyer who always spoke the truth.'

"But," protested his wife, "no one will know whose grave it is."

"Oh, yes they will," said Sir John. "Everyone who reads that inscription will say, 'That's Strange'!"

F. C. Burnand, the famous editor of Punch, had gone to an hotel for a rest. He was annoyed by a page boy who beat the dinner gong with unnecessary vigor. "Will you kindly stop that din?" asked Burnand. "Why, sir?" asked the page. "Because it's unnecessary. Those who are deaf can't hear it; those who aren't don't want to."

A foreign sailor was picked up unconscious near the docks and taken to the London Hospital. His head had been cut and stitches were needed. All the time the operation was going on the patient was chuckling to himself, and no pain seemed to affect his merriment. When it was all over one of the surgeons asked what the joke was.

"Well," said the sailor, "the fellow who knocked me down said, 'Take that, you rotten Norwegian.' But I'm not—I'm a Swede."

FURNITURE.

Undergone a Swift Evolution in the Past Century.

What-nots in the parlor, four-posted beds, and beds with canopy tops, belong mostly to the museums to-day, but it is not long since our ancestors used them daily. Furniture seems to have undergone a swift evolution in the past century, since machinery entered to change our lives and surroundings. Metal beds replace the old four-posters, and machines have displaced hands in the making of many articles of intimate use in the home. Sometimes the old fashions reappear, as in the form of the bureau and table, to mention only two.

It was only about the time of Charles II., we learn from a new "Dictionary of English Furniture," that the drawer became a common feature of various types of furniture. Moreover, it came in chiefly through the gaming tables, which became popularized at that time. Though drawers were useful for writing material, it was not so much scholarship as the passion for gambling which made them popular.

Cardinal Wolsey was a noted collector of carpets, but in his day carpets were far too precious to be walked upon, and were used chiefly as table covers and wall hangings. Through the Middle Ages, rushes, hay or straw, and sometimes flowers and herbs, were strewn on the floors of houses and palaces. Extravagance in the use of sweet rushes was one of the offenses charged against Wolsey. This Prince of the Church was charged with sinful pride and extravagance for his care in keeping the rushes clean, which throws some light on the housekeeping habits of his time.

The chairman of a meeting gets his name from the position of authority such an officer received in the Middle Ages. Movable chairs were exceedingly scarce, and one was reserved for the presiding officer as a symbol of authority. Benches, settles and forms were the ordinary seats in hall and chamber, and in homes the beds were often used to sit upon.

Breezy Stories

A well-known general once arranged to address the temperance society of a British regiment. At the last moment, however, he was unable to attend. He found a substitute in a gallant but rather bibulous fellow-officer, to whom he gave a rough outline of the speech he had prepared. The teetotallers were paraded before this substitute, who addressed them as follows:—

"You miserable, white-livered, pale-faced, snivelling skrimshankers . . . Oh, I forgot! That isn't what the general told me to tell you, but it's what I think of you. Now I'll say what I was told to say." And he at once launched into an eloquent speech on the merits of temperance.

This is one of the stories told in "The Autobiography of Gen. Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C." Here are some others:

At one station in India the hospital was a two-storeyed building, the patients being on the upper floor. The padre whose duty it was to visit the hospital had a "game" leg, which made him dislike climbing stairs; and so his habit was to go to the foot of them and yell up at the top of his voice: "Does anybody up there want spiritual consolation?" If he got no reply he went away, happy in the knowledge that he had done his duty!

At the same station the general was inspecting some barracks, when he heard the voices of men and women singing. He asked an officer what the noise was. "Well, sir," was the reply, "the men tell me they go there to sing hymns. But I say it's not for hymns they go there, but for hers."

A wandering tiger had taken up its abode in a small railway station in the Indian jungle. The Indian stationmaster sent this telegram to his superior officer: "Tiger in charge. I on roof. Please arrange." It was "arranged" by a British officer shooting the tiger, and the Indian thereupon took "control" again.

Of China, the general writes: "The smell everywhere is appalling. Nobody really knows what a smell is till he has been in China." A man once asked the Archbishop of Pekin how it was that he had lived so long in the city without contracting some disease from the germs which must lurk in the smells. The prelate replied: "Oh, you're quite wrong. There aren't any germs in the smells. Even a microbe can't live in a Chinese smell."

At a concert given in India a certain bishop and his wife performed repeatedly. Everyone got very sleepy and tired, but the bishop still went on singing. It began to be thought that the proceedings would never come to an end. At last the bishop came up to Col. Creagh (as he was then) and asked him to sing. "I only know one song," said the colonel, "and that's 'Now let Thy servant depart in peace'." The bishop took the hint and called for his carriage—"otherwise we should probably have been there now."

Indian soldiers have a great dislike for the Government clerks, whom they call "babus." During a campaign the British general in command ordered that a native regiment should have a ration of rum as a reward for some services they had rendered. The soldiers were very grateful.

"But," they said, "the General Sahib will order the Commissariat Sahib to issue the rum and he will pass the order on to his babu, who will say that the issue is against regulations and will produce a bullock-load of them in proof. By the time he finishes with his arguments and his books, the war will be over. So we shall not get the rum unless the General Sahib is kind enough to go to the store himself and tell the babu that if he does not issue the rum at once he will be hanged."

The author also tells of the soldier who created a sensation when a regiment was being reviewed by a famous general. The soldier learned that the general was a relation of a soldier under whom he had once served and for whom he had the greatest affection. Consequently, when the general came down the line, this soldier stepped forward and insisted upon embracing him!

It is not only of India and the East that the general has good stories to tell. Here is one about Lord Palmerston. Somebody once told the statesman that So-and-so could speak six languages fluently. "Yes," said "Pam," "but has he ever said anything worth hearing in any of them?"

Sir O'Moore spent his early life in Ireland, where his family had an old butler who disliked anything new or fresh. There were no bathrooms in the house, and when anyone wanted a bath the water had to be carried up to the bedrooms. One of Sir O'Moore's brothers came back from England and insisted on this being done every day. The butler protested in vain, and at last gave way with bad grace. "Ah, sure," was his parting shot, "but ye must be dirty bastes to want such a power of washing."

The general describes Ireland in those days as a "glorious place to live in." A neighbor lay dying, and in order to console him the parson told him that he was going to a Better Land. The invalid shook his head. "I doubt it," he said. "I've lived man and boy for over seventy years in Balnagarde, and it takes a lot of beating."

Corns as Weather Prophets.

Many people claim that their corns warn them of weather changes. But probably the corn is merely registering change in the shoe leather. This varies with the amount of moisture in the air. A 2 per cent. change from normal either way is all the average foot can stand without discomfort.

Once Every 8,800 Years.

A famous scientist says that within the earth is a large wave that moves around the planet once every 8,800 years. The wave slightly moves the position of the earth's axis and poles, resulting in climatic changes.

Mount Everest.

Mount Everest is nearly as high as the combined heights of Mount Cook (the highest mountain in New Zealand), Juji-Yama (the highest in Japan), and Ben Nevis (the highest in the British Isles).

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Tree That Gets Angry!

An explorer in the forests of Northern India has found a tree that gives an electric shock to anyone who touches it. The intensity of the shock varies with the time of day, the current being at its strongest at 2 p.m.

Few people in this country realize the extraordinary properties with which nature has endowed some trees. In Nubia, for example, there is a tree, the sofar, that plays tunes, a startling effect due to the boring of numerous insects at the base of the young shoots. The wind, playing through the tiny apertures, produces a series of flute-like notes.

A Canadian prairie tree, known as the compass tree, is an infallible guide to travellers, the edges of its leaves always pointing north and south.

In Arizona there is a tree which, on being touched, actually ruffles its leaves and tries to scare off the intruder by emitting a sickening odor.

Great Seal of Britain.

Affixing the great seal of Great Britain to a document is a most impressive ceremony. The great seal itself is the Lord Chancellor's most jealously guarded possession. It is used to ratify the patents of peers, baronets, and judges of the High Court, as well as for important state documents, the present seal was struck at the Royal Mint shortly after the King's accession. It is made of silver, measures six inches in diameter, and cost $2,000.

Rules of Conversation.

It has been said that in conversation a speaker should not talk for longer than a quarter of a minute at a time without pausing to give somebody else a chance to interpose.

Conversation may be reckoned as an art, a pastime or a game. If reckoned as a game it is a pity that the rules are not observed as they are in other games.

Courtesy is often lacking from conversation, and people who would not be guilty of rudeness in other matters frequently forget their manners while talking.

The laws that govern, or should govern, conversation, are, of course, unwritten. But we all know them, and we like the people who keep them. To give the conversation a sudden wrench away from a subject which is interesting your companions is bad manners.

But many people do this repeatedly, and quite light-heartedly, and seem never to care whether the conclusion of any matter under discussion is reached or not. They will turn from the significant to the trivial in a way that is distinctly irritating to those who wanted to hear the word that should clinch the argument, to say nothing of the chagrin of the speaker who meant to say that word.

Talk should not be subjected to constant interruptions. It is not fair to get your friend launched on her life's aims or her last love affair, and then nudge her elbow to make her notice someone's hat or listen to a joke that you have just remembered. Mothers of small children and owners of pet dogs will cut short the most enthralling revelations to demand a word of praise for their spoilt darlings.

It may be pointed out that if we waited to let some talkers finish we should never get anything said at all. The only rule that meets this case is never to let such people begin.

KISSING IS OUTRAGEOUS

THOROUGHLY REPUGNANT TO JAPANESE NATION.

Prefect of Tokio Says Kissing Is Uncleanly, Immodest, Indecorous, Ungrateful, and Likely to Spread Disease—Pat One Another on the Back.

If you wished to outrage the feelings of the average man and woman in Japan you could do so most easily by kissing in public. This "unclean and immodest habit," as the Japanese term kissing, is thoroughly repugnant to the Japanese nation, so much so that the wonderful statue, "The Kiss," by Rodin, the great French sculptor, sent to Japan for exhibition by courtesy of the French Government, has been placed in a public park with a huge bamboo screen round it, so that the sensibilities of the public may not be shocked.

The statue has been completely shut off from sight upon the authority of the Prefect of Police in Tokio, who issued the following statement:

"Kissing is a custom entirely foreign to Japan, and it is undesirable that it should be introduced into our country. It is uncleanly, immodest, indecorous, ungraceful, and likely to cause the spread of disease."

Officials throughout Japan are unanimous in this opinion, and, incredible as it may seem, all kissing is eliminated from films, no matter whether or not the story has a love theme. By ingenious manipulation of the film the heads of the lovers are kept apart, so that they look most incongruous. In some cases it has been found impossible to exhibit great film successes owing to the difficulty of eliminating all the kissing.

The ordinary method of salutation in Japan is by nodding the head slowly and gravely. In greeting a person of distinction or an honored guest the Japanese kneel and hit their heads on the floor!

Between Japanese of opposite sexes the greatest approach to familiarity ever seen is a light patting on the back. This is occasionally indulged in between husbands and wives who are extremely fond of one another, and sometimes between lovers. Nothing resembling an embrace is ever seen. If you kiss your sweetheart or your wife you are risking social ostracism. An eminent Japanese has declared he would consider it an insult and a sin to kiss his wife.

The Japanese hold that it is we, not they, who are wrong in the matter of kissing. It is not natural, they maintain, but arose in the past among some degraded group of Europeans seeking a new form of pleasure. It is true, they add, that it has become an almost instinctive custom among Europeans and Americans, but nevertheless it is not instinctive in the whole human race. It is unknown to Japanese who have not lived among foreigners. Most African tribes, the people of Polynesia and Madagascar, and natives of Patagonia and Greenland are similarly ignorant.

The principal arguments used by the Japanese against the introduction of the kiss into their country are that it is an unedifying spectacle, and that it is unwholesome and dangerous from the point of view of public health. They hold that there is no part of the body so heavily charged with germs and infectious matter as the average human mouth. There is also no part of the body so apt to receive fresh infection, since, by excessive and abnormal eating we destroy the secretions which normally protect us against infections. Some Japanese doctors say that a large number of the diseases from which Europeans suffer are spread by kissing.

It may be pointed out, in refutation of at least one of the above-mentioned arguments against kissing, that it is not a bad habit acquired in comparatively modern times. The Bible frequently refers to the kiss as a pledge of affection between members of families and friends, and one Greek poet tells us creation began with a kiss.

Whether the Japanese are right or wrong, however, one thing seems certain—Japan is no place for a honeymoon couple!

How Insects Walk on Water.

Insects known as water skaters, skippers or striders have the power of travelling over the surface of water, just as freely as others have on land. This they are enabled to do because of the surface film and because their feet are covered with a velvety substance which does not easily get wet. The surface of a liquid acts as if it were covered with an elastic film like a thin rubber membrane. If an ordinary sewing needle is carefully laid on the surface of water in a basin, the needle will float, notwithstanding the fact that the density of steel is greater than that of water. The needle floats for the simple reason that it is not heavy enough to break the surface film. It bears down the surface of the water, yet does not break through it.

Deadly Soil.

At a recent inquest it was stated that most of the lockjaw cases treated at the London Hospital come from Essex, where the soil is apparently suited to the germ. Actually, all soils are the breeding ground of disease germs.

In the New Forest there is a species of mould, used in orchid cultivation, that is well known among gardeners as being dangerous. It contains microbes which, on obtaining access to the blood, set up a peculiarly virulent form of septic poisoning, from which recovery is unlikely.

Similarly, what is known as "azalea peat," a fine vegetable loam found in certain Midland districts, carries germs equally potent. Many nurserymen will handle it only with gloves.
—Old Country Exchange.

Awful!

Dad (sternly): "Where were you last night?"

Son: "Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."

Dad: "Well, tell 'em not to leave their hairpins in the car."

Aspirin Tablets.

Aspirin tablets numbering up to 500,000,000 are consumed in Great Britain every year.—Answers.

Gold.

Gold was probably the first metal to be used by man. Metallic gold was found in the beds of streams. It was used for ornaments before any other metal was discovered. The first metal put to practical use was copper, made into knives and other implements at least 6,000 years ago

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All calls for Miss Gardner, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., will be attended to if sent to Mr. C. A. Wiseman's garage, phone 233.

Picture Framing.

We are now ready to frame your pictures in best style, at our new Picture Framing Rooms **over Madole's Hardware Store.** All new mouldings, best machinery obtainable, 25 years practical experience. Satisfaction guaranteed. Don't mistake the place.

A. E. PAUL.

Notice.

To the Shareholders of the Union Cheese Co., living in territory of the milk route of the Co., who desire to send milk elsewhere, shall notify the Secretary by Feb. 15th, or milk will not be received or accepted, except delivered at their own expense for the season of 1925.

JAMES MILLS, Pres.
R. WALMSLEY, Sec'y.

JUST A QUESTION OF BRAINS.

William James—What'sc the difference between a flapper chewing gum and a cow chewing its cud ?

James William—Well, the cow looks as if it was thinking.

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M. R. MIDMER.

GRACE METH. CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

10.30 a.m.—Morning service. "A Beauty Spot of the Bible," Psalm 19.

7.00 p.m.—Evening Service. "Books and Reading." "A Hymn of the Future," Lead on O King Eternal.

9.30—Class Meeting.

11.45 — Sunday School and Adult Classes.

Monday, 8 p.m.—League service.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—"The Prayer Service."

On Tuesday and Thursday, Rev. Ernest Thomas will preach at 7.30 p.m., in Trinity and on Wednesday night in Grace.

DO NOT MISS MUSICAL PRO-

On His Way to Hospital, Man Dies on Train.

While going to the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, on Thursday, John Murphy, of Erinsville, was suddenly stricken on the C.N.R. train and died in a few minutes. He had been suffering from heart trouble and succumbed before medical aid could be summoned.

GRAM AND COMEDY AT THE

Madoc Methodist Church.

At the regular meeting of the Quarterly Official Board held last Monday, February 2nd, many kind things were said regarding the splendid services given to our church by Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Foster. The church was never in a more prosperous condition. A unanimous invitation was extended to Rev. A. H. Foster to continue as pastor for a third year at a salary of $2000.00.

DR. ALEXANDER,
Recording Steward.

BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR I.O.

Enterprise Exam. Results.

The results of the January examinations in Enterprise School have been announced by the teacher, Miss Margaret Blair: Sr. IV—Marguerite Wagar, 70 p.c. ; Donald Kellar, 71 p.c. ; George Spratt, 67 p.c. ; Henry Merriam, 63 p.c. Jr. IV—Stanley Spratt, 67 p.c. ; Annie Clark, 64 p.c. ; Donald Jackson, 63 p.c. Sr. III—Ronald Jackson, 64 p.c. ; Florence Brown, 60 p.c. Absent on account of illness—Bertie Giles, Marjorie Giles, Lillie Wilson, Forde Fenwick.

D.E. WAR MEMORIAL FUND

Higher Tea Prices Expected Any Day.

The estimated increase in the consumption of tea in 1924 over 1923 has amounted to over 39 million pounds. An increase in production of only seventeen million pounds during the same period has resulted in tea prices advancing in primary markets from ten to fourteen cents per pound since last summer. The price to the consumer today is on the basis of much lower primary costs, so a general increase to tea drinkers is inevitable in the near future.

TOWN HALL, FRIDAY, FEB.

"The Path Across the Hill."

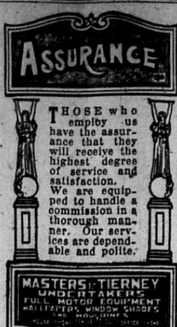
Selby Dramatic Club will present "The Path Across the Hill," a play in 3 Acts, at Selby Church, on Friday, February 13th. Following is the cast of characters : Samuel Crawford, grandpa, G. Price ; Robert Post, visitor, L. McCutcheon ; Walter Conrad, Ruth's brother, C. Pringle ; Dr. Jimmie Reed, R. Winter ; Salamander Alexander John Henry Jones, C. Davis ; Mrs. Davis, grandma, Miss H. Pringle ; Ruth Conrad, (Bobbie), Miss H. Sexsmith ; Flo Gray, Ruth's cousin, MissE. Weese ; Lutia, a neighbor, Miss C. Booth ; Zuzu, the cook, Miss H. Miles. Music between Acts. Admission, 35 cents.

13TH, AT 8.15 REFRESH-

Men's Banquet.

The Men's Supper held by St. Mary Magdalene's Church on Thursday, February 5th, was an unqualified success. About 150 men sat down to the tables in the Masonic Rooms to enjoy the good things prepared. The Walters Orchestra supplied enlivening music and community singing enlisted the co-operation of all. After the toast to the King had been duly honored, the chairman, Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, introduced the first speaker, Mr. John Elliott of Belleville, who made an excellent and practical address on the subject of the layman's responsibilities. The Vicar was then made the recipient of a very fine club bag, the presentation being felicitously made by G. F. Ruttan. The Provost of Trinity College, Rev. Dr. Seager, was the next speaker and produced a profound impression by his very scholarly, lucid, and attractive address The vote of thanks to the speakers was proposed by W. S. Herrington and Russell Stevens, and that to the Orchestra and the Committees by J. M. Simpson and Albert Hill, and both carried enthusiastically. The Rev. A. H. Coleman pronounced the benediction at the close.

MENTS. ADMISSION 35C.



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Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Holy Communion.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. J. W. Hambly and Mrs. Hollis wish to extend their thanks to their many friends and neighbors for sympathy and help in their recent bereavement. 11-a

Rebekah Euchre and Dance.

Queen of Sheba Rebekah Lodge are giving a euchre party and dance in the rooms of Napanee Lodge No. 86, Harshaw Block, on the evening of Wednesday, February 18th. Admission 47c., war tax 3 cents.

NEELY'S.

The Book, Stationery, Paper and China Shop, carried on under the name of "Neely's," south side of Dundas street, Napanee, is being offered FOR SALE en bloc. The building, stock-in-trade and fixtures comprises the lot. Meanwhile we are carrying on after the same fashion. Our new wallpapers have arrived and are going out beyond our expectations. Pictures come to us every day to be framed and occasionally we sell some window shades. We are planning an attractive 'Opening' for Saturday, February 28th, in connection with which we will serve Afternoon Tea.

Bee Keepers Meet and Form New Society.

About forty men, interested in apiculture, met in the Agricultural Office on Tuesday, to hear discussions led by men who have made a life study of the bee problem. In the morning, Mr. Shields, of Peterboro', gave an address, which dealt with the rudiments of bee keeping, and with the Ontario Honey Producers' Co-Operative Society. In the afternoon, Dr. Milne, of the Agricultural Department of the O.A.C., Guelph, dealt with practical queen rearing ; with the methods of swarm control, and with bee diseases. Both these lectures were accompanied by up-to-date moving pictures, which depicted the actual processes which the lecturer was describing. It was a surprise to many present that Lennox and Addington was fast becoming a honey producing county of considerable proportion. Including all engaged in the work, as a side line, or as a hobby or a business, there are over one hundred and fifty bee keepers in the county. At the close of the afternoon lecture, a Lennox and Addington Branch of the Ontario Bee Keepers' Association was formed, with Mr. Arthur Rook as President and Mr. J. Harold Thompson, as Sec.-Treas. A drive will shortly be started to enlist all bee keepers as members of this society. It was also decided at the meeting to hold a bee keeping demonstration in June,—date to be fixed later,—at the apiary of the newly elected President.

Firearms.

Firearms are said to have been first used in European warfare in the fourteenth century. The first weapon of this kind that passed into general use was the hand gun, which was of very rude construction. It consisted of a simple iron or brass tube, fixed in a straight stock of wood. An improvement was made in the reign of Edward IV when a cock was affixed to the hand gun to hold the match which was brought down to the priming by a trigger, whence the term matchlock. Then came the wheel lock, and about 1625 the firelock or flintlock. It was the weapon of Marlborough's and Wellington's armies and became known in Great Britain as "Brown Bess." In 1834 the percussion cap, invented by the Rev. Alexander John Forsyth, was successfully tested at Woolwich. In 1839 the flintlock muskets were altered to suit the percussion cap. The percussion musket of 1842 continued in use in the British army until partially superseded by the Minie rifle in 1851, and altogether by the Enfield rifle in 1855, and since then the breech-loading magazine rifle has been perfected.

Bad Atmospheric Belts.

In certain parts of the ocean are to be found "bad atmospheric belts" in which atmospherics of great intensity are experienced at all times of the year, and it has been noted that these belts nearly always coincide with a route of bird migration. It is an interesting problem as to how far the birds in their passage are able to sense these magnetic disturbances.

Queer African Snake.

A queer African snake, which lives on eggs, has a tooth-like spike projecting downwards from its backbone, just behind the head, which is tipped with enamel. When it swallows an egg the latter passes down the gullet until it encounters the spike, which breaks the shell.

TRINITY METH. CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Morning service.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital. "Half hours with the great composers," by Professor Baird. III Gounod.
7.00 p.m.—Evening service. The Pastor will preach the fourth sermon in the "Christianity and Life" series. Subject—"Christianity and Politics."
Tuesday and Thursday at 7.30 p.m.—Dr. Thomas in Trinity Church.
Wednesday, 7.30—Dr. Thomas in Grace Church.

RANKS THIRD IN ALFALFA CROP

The County of Lennox and Addington ranks third in all the provinces in the reproduction per acre of alfalfa for 1924, according to a bulletin recently issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture. This bulletin gives other interesting figures about crop production in this county, which will be of great interest to farmers as well as to those who are interested in the development of agriculture. These figures are summarized below.

THE LEADING CROPS.

The following is a list of the acreage devoted to the leading crops and the production :

Fall wheat	1251	29,774
Spring wheat	1728	35,770
Oats	45274	1,525,734
Barley	8212	247,181
Rye	1838	31,430
Buckwheat	5228	146,907
Peas	456	8,710
Beans	118	1,864
Corn for husking	2417	120,850
Corn Fodder	5738	*55,085
Flax	27	162
Mixed Grains	6496	206,573
Potatoes	2857	400,837
Turnips	67	140,070
Sugar Beets	45	7,200
Carrots	65	8,125

*Tons

The above totals, excluding fodder corn, which is worked out in tons, show that the 76107 acres devoted to the above listed crops produced 2,791,783 bushels, an average per acre of 36.55 bushels.

THE ALFALFA RECORD.

The report shows that there were 5906 acres of alfalfa which produced 19,899 tons, an average of 3.20 tons per acre. In the average per acre production of this crop Lennox and Addington has third place in the whole province, being exceeded only by York county with 3.32 tons per acre and Stormont county with 3.30 tons per acre.

THE CATTLE CENSUS.

On June 15th last there was in the hands of the farmers of Lennox and Addington live stock in the following numbers : stallions, 50 ; mares, 5,312 ; geldings, 4,544 ; colts and fillies, 804 ; sheep, 5,597 ; lambs, 5,554 ; bulls, 1646 ; milch cows, 26,182 ; beef cows, 1,097 ; milch yearlings, 4,803 ; beef yearlings, 2,999 ; calves, 9,525 ; other cattle, 2,672 ; pigs saved from spring litters, 16,772 ; sows bred or to be bred for fall litters, 2,718 ; all other pigs, 3,772.

SOME OTHER FIGURES.

In the district there were 8734 turkeys ; 3,674 geese ; 5,443 ducks, and 234,069 other fwols.

In the district there were 75,455 acres of cleared pasture, 1,640 acres of summer fallow, 1,770 acres of orchard, and 323 acres devoted to small fruits.

HAY AND CLOVER YIELD.

In hay and clover the counties had 74,180 acres which produced 119,430 tons, an average per acre of 1.61 tons. The highest average for the Province was held by Huron county with 1.88 tons per acre and the lowest by Rainy River and Kenora with .90 tons per acre.

Town Built by Amateurs.

At Kingstonbridge, tucked away amid the beauty of the rolling Downs, a mile or so from Lewes, England, the growth of the little ex-service men's colony makes one of the most romantic stories of recent times.

This garden village, built entirely by amateur labor recruited from the ranks of the unemployed, is now a self-contained and prospering community. These pioneers during four years built more than forty bungalows, and the residents, mostly retired army and navy officers, have thriving poultry or pig farms, or market gardens on the estate.

They make their own gas and have built their own waterworks and reservoirs. They have made excellent roads through the estate, which covers about 150 acres of virgin land, and have added pavements composed of blocks of concrete from the recently-demolished "mystery tower" at Shoreham.

The village has its own potteries, bakery, dairy, post office and club house. Even the furniture in the forty bedrooms in the club has been made byb the ex-soldiers.

Col. F. H. Smith, who was formerly in the Royal Engineers, is the man who conceived this venture. He organized squads of ex-soldiers and began to train them to build houses, make roads, sink wells, and make furniture.

Who Owns Mayen Island?

Norway's claim to the Arctic Island of San Mayen is a little doubtful and its owership is much involved. It is believed to have been first discovered by Henry Hudson in 1607, as it has been identified as the island he visited that year, in latitude 71 deg. N., and named "Hudson's Tutches." But it is certain that the Dutch navigator, Jan Jacobsz Mayen (whose name it now bears), landed there in 1614. But it was then considered an English possession, and was granted to the Corporation of Hull by James I., in 1614. Austria also has a claim to it, for Austrian explorers have most thoroughly surveyed it. During the war it was occupied and claimed by a Norwegian, but he further complicated the question of ownership by selling his rights to an American citizen.

JACK SHEPPARD.

Highwayman Was Executed Over Two Hundred Years Ago.

Two hundred years ago, at Tyburn, Jack Sheppard, the celebrated English highwayman, was executed, in the presence of 250,000 people.

He was only a boy of twenty-two, "five feet four inches in height, very slender, of a pale complexion, with an impediment in his speech," yet his daring robberies and his remarkable escapes from prison had made him a hero, says a London paper.

Brought up in the workhouse on Bishopsgate, London, Jack Sheppard began life as a cane-chair mender. He was afterwards apprenticed to a carpenter of Wych Street, but at the Black Lion in Drury Lane he fell into bad company, making the acquaintance of "Edgeworth Bess" and Poll Maggott, who incited him to most of his crimes. As he himself avowed, "he fell to robbing almost everyone that stood in his way," his chief ally being one Joseph Blake, known as "Blueskiu."

Four times he made his escape from prison. On Whit Monday, 1724, he broke out of New Prison by getting rid of his irons, cutting through a double grille of oaken and iron bars, descending twenty-five feet by means of a sheet and blanket, and then scaling a wall of twenty-two feet, which he got over with a companion on his back. Jonathan Wild, the largest broker of stolen goods in London, whom he had either offended or alarmed, secured his capture.

Whilst lying in the condemned hold at the Old Bailey under sentence of death he managed, with the help of a file supplied by Poll Maggott, again to escape. He was seized near Finchley Common, taken to a stronger part of Newgate, known as the Castle, and chained to the floor. He now made his last and most remarkable escape, snapping the chains that bound him, climbing the chimney, forcing the heavily-bolted doors of many strong rooms, and getting on to the leads. Before he could let himself down to the roof of an adjoining house, he had to retrace his step to his cell to get his blanket.

At the end of the adventure he found himself in the purlieus of Smithfield. During his few days of freedom he broke into a pawnbroker's in Drury Lane, got some smart clothes, and then drove in a coach with the windows down past Newgate. He was well supplied with money, which had been advanced to him on account of his dying speech. In the end he drank himself silly, and was recaptured, the turnkeys watching him night and day until his execution. His body was buried in the old churchyard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, where the National Gallery now stands.

He Got a Hough.

The agricultural education that we hear about should not be confined to the country. The city needs it too. A man went into a Boston department store one day and asked for a hoe. The young woman at the counter passed him a trowel and, finding that it was not what he wanted, asked him to pick out a hoe from the pile of garden tools. He did so. Then the saleswoman made out the slip. "One hough, 75 cents."—Youth's Companion.

Putting Out Gasoline Fires.

Experiments by the British fire prevention committee show that the best way to put out a small gasoline fire is to spread over the burning liquid a mixture of ten pounds of bicarbonate of soda and twelve pounds of common sawdust, free from chips and shavings.

Keep It Dark.

May—Of course you know that our engagement is secret Jane—Oh, yes; so I am told by everybody!—Pearson's Weekly.

The man who drops his anchor in the Slough of Despond never gets any farther.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER," is a drama concerning the theme that is closest to the human heart—love and marriage. It is staged with magnificence, and the cast is splendid.

Also a good Comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

A fascinating insight into New York social life is given in "BORN RICH," a First National picture, directed by Will Nigh for Garrick Pictures Corporation. Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell play the leading roles.

And a 2-reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

It's the heart-gripping thrill in Metro's motion picture of Robert W. Service's famous poem, "THE SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW," produced by Sawyer-Lubin.

And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

The Market Grocery.

Fresh pure lines of groceries. The finest quality English peels, raisins, currants, navel oranges, Royal Household flour, Ogilvies rolled oats, corn meal and wheat granules. Ogilvies name means quality. The highest standard in teas and coffee always in stock. Try this store with your order.

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The People's Auctioneer

My experience in handling a number of very successful sales has convinced my patrons that I am capable of handling any sale and guarantee to give you perfect satisfaction.

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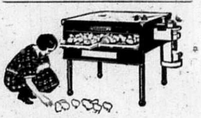

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Buckeye Incubators and Brooders

You *can* count your chicks before they're hatched when you use Buckeye Incubators. 700,000 users all over the world. Highest percentage hatches, all big husky chicks. All sizes from 65 to 600 eggs.

Buckeye *Colony* Brooders grow three chicks where one grew before. No crowding, no chilling. Raise them all to maturity. See these marvelous machines at our store.

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HATCH EVERY HATCHABLE EGG

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Above Wallace's Drug Store

Open Every Day

GOOD-BYE SALE !

This is the Last Call to our Customers to Benefit by the Big Bargains we are offering

We must vacate our store by March 10th, positively, and in order to turn most of our stock into cash, every article in the store will go at Factory Prices.

Nothing to be reserved, including Counters, Show Cases, and our loose House Furniture.

We make this sale a record with values never offered in Napanee. Come and see.

We take this opportunity to thank our many customers for their patronage during our eight years' business in Napanee

J. E. YARED,

Opposite Royal Hotel, **NAPANEE.**

10-e

I find it best for cleanliness

Don't call the plumber when the sink drain gets choked. A little Gillett's Lye will probably clear it in a few minutes. Scores of other uses around the sanitary home.

GILLETT'S
PURE FLAKE
LYE

FIGHTING INSOMNIA.

Some Advice About How to Woo "Nature's Sweet Restorer."

In fighting sleeplessness I have found nothing so helpful as a simple procedure based on the conditions which recent psychological experiment has proved to be fundamental to sleep. These are:

Mental and muscular relaxation, limitation of voluntary movement and monotony of sensation.

To obtain these the next time you find yourself wakeful select on the wall of your room some ornament or spot which, by reason of a ray of light from the moon or street lamp, seems to stand out clearly from its surroundings. Having selected this spot, assume a comfortable position in bed, taking care that you lie in such a way that you can see the spot on the wall without straining any part of your body.

Next, remaining perfectly motionless and thinking of nothing but the spot on the wall, gaze at it through half closed lids in such a way that it seems remote and indistinct.

Be sure not to try to get a full view of it. That would mean tension, not relaxation, and would defeat your purpose. Your gaze at the spot, while steady, must be without any straining of the attention.

Soon, if you have continued to lie perfectly quiet and to think of nothing but the spot on the wall, you will find your eyelids grow heavy and close completely. Open them half way, as before, and resume the process of gazing.

They will again grow heavy and close, when you must, if you can, open them once more. Before long you will find it impossible to open them, for you will be sound asleep.

Even if your room be in total darkness you can still make use of this sleep bringing method by calling up before your mind's eye some imaginary object and gazing at it between half closed lids exactly as though it were really before you. Remember, however, that you must lie perfectly still, moving neither your hands nor your legs.

Try this device the next time you are troubled by wakefulness. From personal experience I am satisfied that, if you follow it faithfully in its details, you will find that it works like a charm.—H. Addington Bruce in Kansas City Times.

Classifying Him.

A gentleman who dined regularly at a certain restaurant often ordered a dozen clams. One day he counted them and found but eleven. Still another day the dozen was one short. He called the waiter and asked him, "Why do you give only eleven clams when I order twelve?"

"Oh, sir," replied the waiter, "I didn't think you'd want to be sitting thirteen at table, sir."—Christian Herald.

Exclusive.

"I was surprised to hear that you were Newcome's guest at his week end party. How can you associate with such a vulgar upstart?"

"I didn't. There were so many nice people among the guests that we didn't have to associate with the host at all."—New York World.

Brick

Special Prices to clear out the yard.

W. H. J. HAINES
TAMWORTH, - ONTARIO
24-tf

NOTICE !

HOUSE TO RENT

On east side of Robert street, near Park. Good cellar, electric lights, sink, bath and toilet.
Reasonable rent.
Apply to

Fred A. Perry,
NAPANEE
Opposite Campbell House

WILY CECIL RHODES.

The Way He Discovered the Diamond Fields of South Africa.

Have you ever heard how diamonds were discovered in South Africa? And did you know that Cecil Rhodes was the man who made the discovery? But here is the story:

A German trader in skins and ostrich feathers from the interior, with Pietermaritzburg as his frontier station, drove into Cape Town one afternoon. He had been two months bringing in his wagons, each drawn by ten yoke of long horned oxen, from the frontier trading post named.

This trader, among other curious things, had a dozen or so very brilliant pebbles, which he was showing to his friends.

"Fine specimens of globular quartz," said a doctor newly arrived, who had just enough of a smattering of geology to know nothing at all about it.

"Would you mind giving me one or two of those pebbles?" said a tall, dark skinned, slender young man. "Or I will buy them from you at whatever you may consider them worth. I have no such stones in my collection at home."

"My dear sir," the other replied, with the heartiness of a dweller on the veldt, "you are very welcome to a couple. Pick out any two you may fancy."

The dark young man selected two about as large as a medium sized hickory nut, thanked the trader and immediately sent the "globular quartz" off to Amsterdam. As he thought, the report came back saying that the stones were diamonds of incomparable flawlessness. Then started the rush to the diamond fields.

WHEN COTTON BALES BURN.

Firemen Always Dread That Type of Warehouse Conflagration.

A type of fire that the firemen dread a great deal is a blaze in a cotton warehouse. These fires generate an immense amount of dense, suffocating smoke and because of this fact have to be fought almost exclusively from the outside of the building. The smoke is of too dangerous a character to allow the men to remain any length of time inside. Therefore the fire fighting has to be done entirely from the outside, by pouring great streams of water through the windows and doorways until it is finally "drowned out."

There is an added danger at fires of this type that is not generally known. The cotton bales are packed so closely in these buildings, with practically no space between them, and such an enormous amount of water must be used to extinguish the fire, that the cotton absorbs the water and begins to swell. And the "swelling" or expansion of the cotton has been sufficient in a number of cases to force out the walls of the building, causing the structure to tumble into the street and within a short time after the outbreak of the fire.

This was the case at a fire in a cotton warehouse in South Brooklyn several years ago. Within three-quarters of an hour after this fire started, although it was in a substantial looking stone building, the walls suddenly bulged out and crashed into the street, and a number of firemen working near by narrowly escaped being killed.—Charles T. Hill in St. Nicholas.

CORK TREES OF SPAIN.

How They Are Stripped of Their Bark at Ten Year Intervals.

An important industry in Spain is the cultivation of cork trees. This tree is an oak which grows best in the poorest soil. It cannot endure frost and must have sea air and also some altitude. It is found all along the coast of Spain, the northern coast of Africa and the northern shores of the Mediterranean.

There are two barks, the outer of which is stripped for use. The cork is valuable according as it is soft and velvety. When the sapling has reached the age of ten years it is stripped of its outer bark for two feet from the ground. The tree will then be about five inches in diameter and about six feet up to the branches. This stripping is worthless. The inner bark appears blood red, and if it is split or injured the tree dies.

When eight or ten years more have elapsed the outer bark has again grown, and then the tree is stripped four feet from the roots. This stripping is very coarse and is used to make floats for fish nets. Every ten years thereafter the bark is stripped, each year two feet higher up, until the tree is forty or fifty years old, when it is in its prime, and may then be stripped every ten years from the ground to the branches. —Exchange.

Royal Kisses.

The kings and high officials of Europe when they meet always embrace and kiss each other, no matter what their relations have been in the past or may be in the immediate future. This is a kiss of respect. It may be given on the lips, the cheek, the brow or the beard and is nicely adjusted, according to the age and rank of the giver. From this close personal contact it passes through many forms—kissing the hand, parts of the clothing and even the ground trodden upon, according to the idea of respect or fear inspiring the one who performs the act. The nations of the west have not adopted this ancient custom as a form of salutation, but have reserved it for the more tender relationships of life.—Christian Herald.

Dumas and His Porthos.

Dumas, like Balzac, was fond of his own creations. Among them all he loved Porthos best. The great, strong, vain hero was a child after his own heart. One afternoon, it is related, his son found Dumas careworn, wretched, overwhelmed. "What has happened to you? Are you ill?" asked Dumas fils. "No," replied Dumas pere. "Well, what is it then?" "I am miserable." "Why?" "This morning I killed Porthos—poor Porthos! Oh, what trouble I have had to make up my mind to do it! But there must be an end to all things. Yet when I saw him sink beneath the ruins, crying, 'It is too heavy, too heavy for me!' I swear to you that I cried!" And he wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his dressing gown.

BLACK BASS NEVER SULK.

When Hooked These Gamy Fish Always Fight to a Finish.

The black bass is the type of the lesser sized game fishes of America. Why? Because he is not only great in muscular energy and fights like a bulldog, yet in his strenuous efforts to escape shows almost human intelligence. He will run in and then on a slack line leap into the air and shake his body in his efforts to dislodge the steel. Failing, down in the pool he surges and darts around a sunken rock, as if to sever the gut leader on the sharp or scraggy edges, or, failing, seek the bottom and there, unseen, brace his pectoral fins between two small rocks and in this fortress of defense jig, jig, jig on the line much as a dog jerks at a rope held in the hand.

Some anglers have compared this action of the bass to the sulk of the salmon, which is reflective on the bass that never sulks, but is ever in action and fights to a finish.

But these traits of the black bass are like stories many times told to the old angler for "bronzebackers," but the young 'un perhaps is yet to pass through the thrilling experience of fighting an impaled bass with a light rod, a gossamer leader and a feathered fly, and it is well to warn him of the acrobatic gyrations of the Micropterus dolomier, for such is the scientific nom de plume of our lordly fighter.—All Outdoors.

ANSWERING "YES" OR "NO."

Lincoln's Question Was a Poser For His Lawyer Opponent.

The late Colonel Waters at the time of his death had practiced law longer than any other lawyer in Kansas City. He was admitted to the bar in Macomb, Ill., before he was twenty-one years old. Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer practicing in the same district then, and Waters rode in the same circuit with him. Once Colonel Waters retained his friend to help him in a case.

The opposing lawyer, says the Kansas City Star, demanded one of their witnesses should answer a certain question with a direct "Yes" or "No." Lincoln contended the question could not be answered in that way.

"There's no question on earth that can't be answered with a direct 'Yes' or 'No,'" declared the lawyer.

"You take the stand for a moment and I'll show you," said Lincoln.

The lawyer took the stand, and Lincoln asked him, "Have you quit beating your wife?"

The lawyer became indignant, and Lincoln repeated his question. The judge, laughing heartily, insisted the lawyer must answer.

With the aid of Lincoln, Waters won the case. Lincoln charged him $25, a large fee in those days.

Liszt Fooled Them.

Wrapped in his dressing gown and with feet incased in slippers, Franz Liszt was sitting comfortably one evening in his armchair ready for work and inviting inspiration. On the floor above in the apartments of a banker a noisy musical soiree was in progress. Polonaises had succeeded waltzes and nocturnes had followed polonaises when suddenly the door of the salon opened and Liszt entered still wrapped in his dressing gown. The astonishment of the company may be imagined. With slow steps Liszt walked toward the piano, and the young key pounder who was sitting at it quickly left his place. Liszt sat down at the instrument, carelessly swept his fingers over the keys as if to prelude, and then suddenly he shut down the cover and put the key in his pocket. And immediately, with the same tranquil air with which he had entered, he went out and returned to his room, where he could work at his ease.

Mines Under the Farms.

Surroundings have little to do with mining, as is proved in northwestern Illinois, where corn, oats and hay are raised on the surface and lead and zinc are extracted from the rocks beneath the fields. Although in this particular locality agriculture is the principal industry, several hundred men are engaged in zinc and lead mining. Most of the mines are 100 to 200 feet deep. The lead sold from this region since mining began has brought about $50,000,000, and the zinc produced since about 1800 has been sold for about $10,000,000. Prospecting for new deposits still continues.—Argonaut.

A Judge and an Egg.

Judges on the bench have been assaulted. A litigant once threw an egg at the late Vice Chancellor Malins in an English court. The judge had the presence of mind to duck his head, and at the same time he established a reputation as a humorist by remarking that the present must have been intended for his brother, Bacon, the vice chancellor, who was sitting in an adjoining court.—London Spectator.

No Fifty-fifty.

"I fear my brother's wife is a trifle selfish."

"Doesn't she share the family joys and sorrows?"

"Yes, but she figures on taking about 90 per cent of the joys and 10 per cent of the sorrows."

Candy Flashes.

Lumps of rock candy placed between the jaws of a nutcracker and suddenly crushed in a dark room will produce a flash bright enough to be seen at a distance. This is caused by a peculiar light produced when certain types of crystals are fractured.

Labor rids us of three great evils—irksomeness, vice and poverty.—Voltaire.

Germs and Microbes.

Germs and microbes are terms which are applied to certain organisms too small to be seen by the unaided eye. Most of those which produce disease are known as bacteria. These are one-celled plants. They are not insects or even animals, being much lower in the scale of life and much simpler in structure than insects. Man always has made use of certain germs, without, however, knowing just what he was using, for instance, yeast used in baking and other fermentation processes.

Use Baby's Own Soap. It's "Best for Baby—Best for You".

THE OLD MASTERS.

Paintings Without Signatures Are Judged by Their Technic.

It appears that many of the works of the old masters are not signed. Experts rarely rely on signatures alone in determining the authenticity of an old work, but trust rather to their knowledge of the painter's technic, says the Philadelphia Record.

False signatures can be easily detected. Spirits of wine or turpentine will usually remove a name of later date than the painting. In the course of time signatures often become very difficult to find. Painted originally in a shade slightly lighter than the ground, perhaps, they sink in, darken, and merge into the ground color or they are almost rubbed away by successive cleanings. Recognizable one day in a specially favorable light, they may not be visible again for weeks.

Experts speak of "will-o' the wisp" signatures, and many collectors have encountered accidental strokes and cracks that tantalizingly suggest a signature, though it can never be made definite. On the other hand, there have been remarkable cases of such marks, after careful study, resolving themselves into a famous name.

Sometimes the painter's name is most conspicuous as, for example, in Raphael's "Sposalizio" at Milan. Proud of having surpassed his master, the youthful genius wrote on a frieze in the very center of the canvas, "Raphael Urbinas."

Reynolds hardly ever signed his work. But upon the completion of the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, he wrote his name large on the gold embroidery of her dress. He was unable, he said, "to resist the temptation of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment."

CANCER IN THE FAMILY.

There Is No Proof That the Dreaded Disease Is Hereditary.

Perhaps nothing causes more needless worry than the fact that one or more persons in a given family have died from cancer. This is commonly taken as a proof that the disease is hereditary. This does not at all follow. There is probably no greater chance of inheriting cancer than there is of being killed by lightning or of breaking one's neck falling down stairs. Perhaps there are people who worry even about those contingencies, but the statisticians have shown that such fatal accidents are extremely rare.

People who are concerned because their relatives have succumbed to cancer fail to consider how widespread the disease is. A malady that causes one death out of every eight among women and one out of every fourteen among men over forty is fairly common. On this basis it does not take much arithmetic to figure out how likely it is that cancer will occur many times in some families.

The eminent statisticians, King and Newsholme, have pointed out that it does not prove heredity to show that in one family five deaths occurred from cancer. By the very frequency of the disease and the laws of chance such cases would be expected even if no one had ever suggested the idea of heredity.

In some species of animals it is believed a certain susceptibility to tumors may be inherited. But so far as human beings are concerned the foremost authorities believe that heredity in cancer may be regarded as a negligible factor.—Journal of the American Medical Association.

The Almanac Church.

One of the oddest churches in England is St. Botolph's at Boston. It has aptly been called the Almanac church. In the tower are 365 steps, corresponding to the days in the year. The church has twelve pillars, fifty-two windows and seven doors, representing the months, weeks and days in the week. In the west porch are twenty-four steps ascending to the library, representing the hours of the day. Again, on each side of the choir are sixty steps leading to the roof, denoting on the one side the minutes of the hour and on the other the seconds of the minute.—Boston Post.

The Office Seeker.

A man with a deep and steadfast longing for office will run excitedly around begging everybody he sees to sign his nomination petitions and then, when he finally gets enough signatures, will put on a clean shirt and announce that if the call of duty comes he will not disregard the summons.—Ohio State Journal.

Paying Him Back.

Girl Shopper—Why did you make that poor salesman pull down all that stuff and then not buy anything? Second Ditto—Why, the mean fellow was in a car yesterday and never offered me his seat, though I looked right at him; so I just decided I would get even.

Young Philosophers.

A lawyer was always lecturing his office boy, whether he needed it or not.

One day he chanced to hear the following conversation between the boy and one employed next door.

"How much does he pay you?" asked the latter.

"I get $2,000 a year," replied the lawyer's boy; "$10 a week and the rest in legal advice."

Same Old Story.

Mrs. Exe: "The man was here today looking for a gas leak."

Mr. Exe: "And did he find it?"

"Yes, but they haven't found the man yet."

STRINGING PEARLS

Only the Choicest Silk Is Used For the Best Jewels.

TYING KNOTS AS A FINE ART.

The Perfect Hang of the Necklace Depends Upon How These Tiny Twists Are Formed, and It May Take a Year to Master the Knack.

The pearl stringers themselves call it a "trade." They are not the kind of people to talk about art. If they see anything of their work beyond the prosaic fact that "stringing" is a good employment it is only an indirect and somewhat vague appreciation of the delicate attraction of the pearls they handle.

Although not professing to be expert judges, I have never met a pearl stringer yet whose eye and taste were not trained to a fine perception of the form and color of the beamy, iridescent luster of the jewel of the shellfish. It would be as impossible for them to mistake an artificial pearl for a real one as it would be for a lapidary to begin to polish a piece of glass under the impression it was a diamond.

It is often said that the little known industry of pearl stringing is dying out, but this is not the fact. No machinery is yet invented to supersede the ten clever fingers of the practiced stringer. The industry is exclusive, too, and a business has often been passed on from mother to daughter, even from grandmother to grandchild. Drilling and mounting of pearls is quite a different branch of the industry.

Good light is one of the essential needs of the pearl stringer, especially when she is employed in making or repairing seed pearl ornaments. All the beads have to be arranged according to their size and then separately and most carefully sewed into place on their dainty framework. For instance, if the design is that of a flower or leaf the skill lies in graduating from the biggest pearl to the one that touches the extreme point. Some of these ornaments, by the way, are very old, for if they are carefully handled there is no reason why they should not be a joy, if not forever, at all events for as long as the handsome, antique pendants and pearl studded medals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that one still admires in the British museum.

Only the finest silk is used for stringing the finest pearls. Great beads, round and shiny, unmistakably artificial and with no more real luster than white marbles—with the exception of what are called Roman pearls, manufactured many years ago—may be allowed to hang together on catgut, but orients must be threaded, pearl kissing pearl, on silken strands worthy of their shape and "skin."

Now the art of the stringer lies in the apparently simple manner of tying the knot that attaches the snap. Sometimes also she has to make a knot between bead and bead, a method that adds to the length of the necklace, but detracts from the beauty of the line of pearls. The knack of making this tiny knot will perhaps take a girl a year to master; the perfect hang of the beads neither too loose nor too tight, depends on how it is made.

There is no needle fine enough for threading small seed pearls, so the stringer makes her own out of a piece of wire as thin as a hair. She arranges her pearls, if they are of different sizes, on a grooved board covered with billiard table cloth, any other material, such as green baize, being much too coarse. When she is making a tassel or loops, it is pretty to watch her hold her work at arm's length every few minutes, measuring its size and effect with her well trained eye.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the strict integrity and unfailing care required in a pearl stringer. She is intrusted with great possessions, for the value of pearls is continually on the increase. There are some ladies who never trust their treasures out of their own houses, but arrange, through a jeweler, for a pearl stringer to call so many times a year to repair ornaments or restring necklaces.

The work of the pearl stringer is so little known, so quiet and dainty, that it is doubtful if one in a thousand women who stop to admire and covet as they pass show windows ever gives a thought to the patient fingers that have threaded the beautiful beads and tied the almost invisible, cunning knots that link them to their diamond clasps.

The little band of stringers are very simple, but businesslike people in their humble workrooms—devotees of beauty, although they are unconscious of the fact, and true artists in the perfection of their work.—London Chronicle.

Both Played the Game.

The head of the firm approached his son.

"What was the idea when I looked in your room just now? You and that traveler appeared to be walking round and round the office."

"Oh, it says in this Business Man[illegible] that one should always be careful when interviewing anybody to have one's back to the light. But I think the other fellow must have been up to that dodge. When we settled down at the finish he was sitting on the window sill," was the disconsolate reply.—London Answers.

Happiness is in doing right from right motives.—Margaret of Navarre.

Pollen Grains In Honey.

Pollen grains have frequently been discovered in honey, and it is thereby possible to identify the flowers from which the honey was gathered.

They Help In a Way.

"Riches are not everything," declared bitterly the poor, but honest, suitor, who had just been rejected. "They cannot insure happiness."

"Perhaps not," replied the practical maiden, "but they at least provide means to pay the premiums on the policy!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

GOING TO LAW.

Odds Which Some Would-be Litigants Are Prepared to Face.

A summons was applied for in a London police-court not long ago by a man who desired to start proceedings against the Communist Party of Great Britain for disturbing the peace, as well as for inciting workers to revolt against the Government.

The summons was not granted, but the application illustrates the odds which some would-be litigants are prepared to face in drawing attention to what they regard as grievances of national importance.

Certain people appear to thrive on litigation and are not happy unless they are engaged in it. But at intervals there come into prominence plaintiffs whose courage in seeking unaided to right some wrong deserves ungrudging admiration.

A striking example of an individual fighting, and winning, a great legal battle was afforded by the action in which Mr. David O'Keefe, a Waterford business man, sued the local officials of the United Irish League, a powerful political body, for £20,000 damages as a result of his being boycotted by his customers at the instigation of the defendants. The case was heard fourtimes before a judgment was reached. Ultimately the jury awarded the plaintiff £5,000.

A legal fight occurred last century between the Customs authorities and a Scottish farmer who had been forced to pay duty on certain articles taken by him across the border. The farmer, believing that he had been wrongly taxed, took the matter into court. After a protracted hearing the action was resumed before a higher tribunal at Edinburgh, the result of which was that the plaintiff won his case and was awarded both damages and costs.

Another case was one in which an artisan sued an important omnibus company for the return of a penny fare. Trouble had arisen in connection with some drunken passengers, and an inspector ordered the driver to depart from the usual route and make for the nearest police station.

In the end the plaintiff was obliged to walk home, the company refusing to refund the fare he had paid. The upshot was that the company had to return the fare and pay the plaintiff's costs.

This case recalls that of a Shawford woman who, having taken third-class tickets for herself and a maid, was put into a first-class carriage by a porter, the excess fare being demanded at the terminus. So incensed was the woman at this treatment that she sued the company, and after a long hearing recovered the difference between the first-class and third-class fares—four shillings and sixpence!

The Metropolitan Water Board, which at one time had the reputation of being a decidedly autocratic body, cut off the water supply in a house at Hoxton that was temporarily unoccupied. The tenant consulted his solicitor, who advised him to sue the company, the magistrate awarding damages and costs against them.

Another tenacious litigant was Mr. Jacob Popp, a High Wycombe tobacconist, who was summoned more than four hundred times for opening his shop in contravention of an Act of Charles II. Mr. Popp believed the Act to be a tyrannous one and steadfastly flouted it, paying in seven years £230 in fines. Finally the authorities decided to retire from the duel.

But it is not always by recourse to the law that abuses have been righted by courageous individuals. Charles Dickens brought about notable changes in the Poor Law by his books, while the reforms effected by the writings of Upton Sinclair, the American novelist, have been remarkable.—Tit-Bits.

Animal Pests on Palm Plantations.

The coco-nut palm is one of the most valuable trees to man. The nut provides oil for the making of soap, candles, margarine, ointments, medicines, and other useful articles; the sap makes toddy, the juice sugar, the leaves thatch, mats, screens, and baskets, while the rough fibre is coir, one of the principal materials for rope-making.

When the trees are young their green leaves are the favorite food of wild pigs and porcupines. Porcupines dig up the young palms in order to eat their roots. Rats eat holes in the stem. The holes get full of water and the tree rots and dies. The palm squirrel of the East Indies taps the unripe nuts and drinks the juice.

Many birds are foes to the coco-palm. The worst is a sea-bird known as the black noddy, which builds in the tops of bearing trees and pecks the flowers as they begin to bloom. In this way the yield of the tree is destroyed. Parrots and macaws also bite the flowers for the sake of the pollen. Land-crabs of enormous size, some of them two feet in length, climb the trees and steal the nuts, which they drag off to their holes.

But the worst destroyer of all is a cat-like creature, a sort of large marten, common in Java and the surrounding islands. It climbs the trees, bites holes in the green nuts, and if not shot or trapped ends by destroying almost the whole crop.

Dublin's Red Haired Club.

The Red Haired club of Dublin, which flourished years ago, was a society which barred out all whose hirsute covering was not of the most pronounced auburn. In order that no one could gain admission by false pretenses it was required at the initiation of each member that the applicant wash his hair and whiskers in hot soda and water. This effectually took out any "dye" that had been used.

Mutual Help.

"Say, old man," quoth the farmer. "I wish you'd train my son to be a lawyer in your office. There's nothing in farming."

"I'll do it," assented the lawyer, "provided you'll take my son on your farm. There's nothing in the law."—Kansas City Journal.

Singapore.

Singapore is not well known, though it is one of the world's largest ports and comes within the first eight. It is an entrepot for the transshipment of the merchandise of the Malay peninsula and archipelago, besides considerable transshipments for Siam and Indo-China.

GO TO EXTREMES

Health Faddists Apt to Become a Nuisance.

Hard to Deny That There Are Many Like the Unfortunate Jiggins, Who Literally "Dumb-Bell" Themselves to Death.

The following editorial from the Gary Times is printed by the Journal of the American Medical Association as a lesson to health faddists:

There is a great deal of truth in the satirical story of Jiggins, who had the health habit. Jiggins lived 20 years ago, and health was a disease with him. The Dallas News says that Jiggins took a cold plunge every morning. He said it opened the pores. After it he took a hot sponge. He said it closed the pores. He got so that he could open and shut his pores at will.

Jiggins used to stand and breathe at an open window for half an hour before dressing. He said it expanded his lungs. He might, of course, have had it done in a shoe shop with a boot stretcher; but, after all it cost him nothing this way. And what is half an hour?

After he had got his vest on, Jiggins used to hitch himself up like a dog in harness and do shadow exercises. He did them forward, backward and hindside up.

He could have got a job as a dog anywhere. He spent all his time at this kind of thing. In his spare time at the office he used to lie on his stomach on the floor and see if he could lift himself up with his knuckles. If he could, then he tried some other way until he found one that he couldn't do. Then he would spend the rest of his lunch hour on his stomach perfectly happy.

In the evenings, in his room, he used to lift iron bars, cannon balls, heavy dumb-bells and haul himself up to the ceiling with his teeth.

He liked it.

He spent half the night slinging himself around his room. He said it made his brain clear. When he got his brain perfectly clear he went to bed and slept. As soon as he awoke he began clearing it again.

Jiggins is dead. He was, of course, a pioneer; but the fact that he dumb-belled himself to death at an early age does not prevent a whole generation of young men from following in his path.

They are ridden by the health mania.

They make themselves a nuisance. They get up at impossible hours. They go out in silly little suits and run marathon heats before breakfast. They chase around barefoot to get the dew on their feet. They hunt for ozone. They bother about pepsin. They won't eat meat because it has too much nitrogen. They won't eat fruit because it hasn't got any. They prefer albumin and starch to huckleberry pie and doughnuts. They won't drink water out of a tap. They won't eat sardines out of a tin. They won't use oysters out of a pail. They won't drink milk out of a glass. They are afraid. Yes, sir, afraid. Cowards!

And after all their fuss they presently incur some simple, old-fashioned illness and die like anybody else.

Color Test Supreme.

The Florida supreme court recently affirmed the decision of a lower court that the color test leads the acid test in citrus fruit in determining their marketable condition. A large grower undertook to ship grapefruit that showed an average on the trees of more than one-half colored, indicating ripeness under the law. An inspector made an acid test and seized the shipment as immature fruit. The grower appealed to the courts. The state authorities had held that the color test was secondary and that the fruit could not be shipped unless it stood the acid test. The supreme court holds that ripeness is sufficient test for shipment, but if the ripening is delayed, as it sometimes is, until after the fruit is fit for consumption, the grower may prove by the acid test that he may market the fruit.

Linking the Americas.

For the first time North and South America are to be linked together by regular wireless communication. Despite the progress in wireless electricity the region of the equator has continued to set up a barrier against the invisible messages. The most powerful currents could not penetrate the mysterious resistance known as "static." Now, at last, this problem has been solved. Great high power stations in the United States can now communicate with similar stations in Brazil. At a touch of the key at New York or Washington the invisible waves will overleap every barrier and be read an instant later on the southern continent. The wireless will knit closer the two western continents.—Boys' Life.

Big Difference.

"Do you know the biggest difference between an egg and a man?" asked the fool.

"What is the biggest difference?" demanded the sage.

"An egg never gets too fresh," replied the fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Anecdotes.

"What is an anecdote, pa?"

"An anecdote, my son, is a short and funny tale which at once reminds the other fellow of a tale which is neither short nor funny."—Puck.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant. Hosea Ballou.

Sills' Motors.

Service on all cars. Work guaranteed. We are installing new work shop equipment for time and labor saving, giving greater satisfaction to our customers. Genuine Ford parts. Formerly Lennox Garage.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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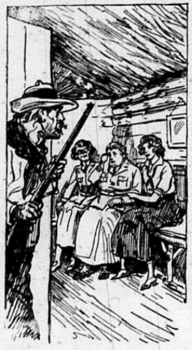
By this time Aunt Jane was sobbing loudly and waving her little hands about in wild beseeching.

"Jane!" broke in Miss Browne again in awful tones. But at that moment the door of the cabin opened and the face of Slinker peered in.

"Say," he remarked, "there ain't no sense in you girls stayin' cooped up here that I see. I guess me and Horney can stand you off if you try to rush us. Come out and cool off a little."



"There Ain't No Sense in You Girls Stayin' Cooped Up Here."

The great heat of the day was over and the sun already dropping behind the peak of the island. Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert had been allowed to sit in the shade, and I thought their wrists were not too tightly bound for comfort: Cookie had been released, and under the eye of Horney was getting supper. Crusoe had earlier in the day received a kick in the ribs from Captain Magnus, fortunately too much occupied with the prisoners to pursue his vengeance further, and had fled precipitately, to my enormous relief. The dog was quite wise enough to know that he would help me best by keeping out of the clutches of our common foe.

Just then there come from the woods the sound of footsteps and voices, and the three pirates and Mr. Tubbs entered the clearing. A thrill ran through the camp. Captors and captives forgot all else but the great, the burning question—had the treasure been discovered? And I am sure that no one was so thrilled as I, although in my mind the question took another form.

For now I was going to know what had been waiting for me there in the cave, when I stood yesterday at its black entrance, afraid to go in.

CHAPTER XVI.

From Dead Hands.

At the head of the file, Capt. Tony advanced through the clearing, and, what with his flowing black beard, his portly form and a certain dramatic swagger which he possessed, he looked so entirely Italian and operatic that you expected to hear him at any moment burst out in a sonorous basso. With a sweeping gesture he flung down upon the table two brown canvas bags, which opened and discharged from gaping mouths a flood of golden coins.

Slinker and the cross-eyed man shouted aloud. They ran and clutched at the coins with a savage greed.

"Gold, gold—the real stuff! It's the doubloons, all right—where's the rest of 'em?" These cries broke from Slinker and Horny confusedly as the gold slid jingling between their eager fingers.

"The rest of 'em is—where they is," pronounced Tony oracularly. "Somewheres in the sand of the cave, of course. Well dig 'em up tomorrow morning."

"What was the point in not digging 'em all up while you was about it?" demanded Slinker, lowering. "What was the good o' digging up jest these here couple o' bags and quitting?"

"Because we didn't dig 'em up," responded Tony darkly. "Because these was all ready and waiting. Because all we had to do was to say 'Thankee,' to the feller that handed 'em out. We got these here bags of doubloons, as I says, without havin' to dig for 'em—oncet we had found the cave, which it's no thanks to old Washtubs we ain't looking for it yet. We got these here bags right out of the fists of a skeleton. Most of him was under a rock, which had fell from the roof and pinned him amidships. Must of squashed him like a beetle, I guess. But he'd still kep' his hold on the bags." I turned aside, for fear that anyone should see how white I was. To the rest, these poor bones might indeed bear mute witness to a tragedy, but a tragedy lacking outlines, vague, impersonal, without poignacy. To me, they told with dreadful clearness the last sad chapter of the tale of Peter; Peter who had made me so intimately his confidante, whose love and hopes and solitary strivings I knew all about.

Vaguely I heard around me a babble of exclamations and conjectures. Murmurs of interest rose even from our captive band. Then came Slinker's voice, loud with sudden fear:

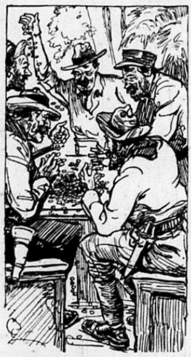
"Say, you don't suppose the—the Bones would of got away with the rest of the coin somehow, do you?" he demanded.

"Got away with it?" Tony contemptuously thrust aside the possibility. "Got away with it how? He sure didn't leave the island with it, did he? Would he of dug it up from one place jest to bury it in another? Huh! Must of wanted to work if he did! Now, my notion is that this happened to one of the guys that was burying the gold, and that the rest jest left him there for a sort of scarecrow to keep other people out of the cave."

"But the gold?" protested Slinker. "They wouldn't leave that for a scarecrow, would they?"

"Maybe not," admitted Tony, "but suppose that feller died awful slow, and went on hollering and clutching at the bags? Well, that cave wouldn't be a pleasant place to stay in, would it? And no one would have the nerve to snatch them bags away to bury 'em, 'cause a dying man, especially when he dies hard, can have an awful grip. So what they done was just to shovel the sand in on the gold they'd stowed away and light out quick."

If the ingenuity of this reasoning was more remarkable than its logic, the pirates were not the men to find fault with it. Desire is the most eloquent of advocates, and the five ruffians had only to listen to its voice to enjoy in anticipation all the fruits of their iniquitous schemes. The sight of the golden coins intoxicated them. They played with the doubloons like children, jingling them in their calloused palms, guessing at weight and value, calculating their equivalent in the joy of living. Laughter and oaths resounded.



They Played With the Doubloons Like Children.

And now the night that I unutterably dreaded was upon us. But the pirates still thought of nothing but the gold. They had exhausted their own portable supplies of liquor, and were loud in their denunciations of our bone-dry camp, as they termed it.

It was Tony who intercepted a tentative movement of Capt. Magnus in my direction, and ordered me into the cabin with my aunt and Miss Browne. Through the walls of the hut we heard loud and eager talk of the morrow and its certain golden harvest as the pirates made their dispositions for the night. Then the voices trailed off sleepily and silence succeeded, broken only by the ceaseless murmur of the waves around the island.

CHAPTER XVII.

Of Which Cookie Is the Hero.

Next morning I came out of the hut in time to see Mr. Shaw and his companion in duress led forth from the sleeping quarters which they had shared with their captors. They were moored as before to a palm tree, by a rope having a play of two or three feet, and their hands unbound while they made a hasty breakfast under the eye of a watchful sentinel. Then their wrists were tied again, not painfully, but with a firmness which made any slipping of their bonds impossible.

While the pirates were breakfasting a spirited dispute took place among them as to who should go to the treasure cave and who stay in camp to guard the prisoners. Slinker and Horny urged with justice that, as they had missed all the excitement of the preceding day, it was their turn to visit the cave. The right to see the Bones they passionately claimed. Tony supported them, and it ended with Chris and Captain Magnus being told off as our guards for the morning.

In leaving the cabin I had slipped into my blouse a small penknife which I had found in Aunt Jane's bag. It was quite new, and I satisfied myself that the blades were keen. My own large sheath-knife and my revolver I had been deprived of at the suggestion of the thoughtful Magnus. I had surrendered them unprotestingly, fearful of all things that my possessions might be ransacked and Peter's diary, though hidden with much art at the bottom of the bag, be brought to light. For I might yet sell the secret of the Island Queen at a price which should redeem us all.

As the heat increased a voice of lamentation broke from Chris. He was dry—dry enough to drink up the condemned ocean. No, he didn't want spring water, which Cookie obsequiously tendered him; he wanted a drink—wouldn't anybody but a fool nigger know that? There was plenty of the real stuff aboard the schooner, on the other side of the—adjective—island. Why had they, with incredible lack of forethought, brought along nothing but their pocket flasks? Why hadn't they sent the adjective nigger back for more? Where was the bottle or two that had been rooted out last night from the medical stores? Empty? Every last drop gone down somebody's greedy gullet? The adjectives came thick and fast as Chris hurled the bottle into the bay, where it swam bobbingly upon the ripples. Captain Magnus agreed with the gist of Chris' remarks, but deprecated, in a truly philosophical spirit, their unprofitable heat. There wasn't any liquor, so what was the good of making an adjective row? Hadn't he endured the equivalent of Chris' present sufferings for weeks? He was biding his time, he was. Plenty of drink by and by, plenty of all that makes life soft and easy. He bet there wouldn't many hit any higher spots than him. He bet there was one little girl that would be looked on as lucky, in case she was a good little girl and encouraged him to show his natural kindness. And I was favored with a blood-curdling leer from across the camp, of which I had put as much as possible between myself and the object of my dread.

But now, like a huge black Ganymede, appeared Cookie, bearing cups and a large stone crock.

"It suhtinly am a fact, Mistah Chris, sah," said Cookie, "dat dey is a mighty unspirituous fluidity 'bout dis yere spring watah. Down war I is come from no pussons of de Four Hund'ed ain't eveh 'customed to partake of such. But the sassiety I has been in lately round dis yere camp ain't of de convivulous ordah; ole Cookie had to keep it dark dat he got his li'le drop o' comfort on de side. Dis yere's only home-made stuff, sah. 'Tain't what I could offah to a gennelmun if so be I is got the makin's of a genuwine old-style julep what is de beverage of de fust fam'lies. But bein' as it is, it am mighty coolin', sah, and it got a li'le kick to it—not much, but jes' enough to make a gennelmun feel lak he is one."

Cookie's tones dripped humility and propitiation. He offered the brimming cup cringingly to the pale-eyed, red-nosed Chris, who reached for it with alacrity, drank deep, smacked his lips meditatively, and after a moment passed the cup back.

"'Tain't so worse," he said approvingly. "Anyhow, it's drink!"

Magnus suddenly began to laugh.

"S'elp me, it's the same dope what laid out the Honorable!" he chortled. "Here, darky, let's have a swig of it!"

Cookie complied, joining respectfully in the captain's mirth.

"I guess you-all is got stronger haids den dat young gennelmun!" he remarked. "Dis yere ole niggah has help hisself mighty freely and dat prohibitionist Miss Harding ain't eveh found it out. Fac' is, it am puffeckly harmless 'cept when de haid is weak."

False, false Cookie! Black brother in perfidy to Mr. Tubbs! One friend the less to be depended on if a chance for freedom ever came to us!

Cookie refilled the pirates' cups, and set the crock beside them on the ground.

"In case you gennelmun feels yo'selfs a li'le thursty later on," he remarked. He was retiring, when Captain Magnus called to him.

"Blackie, this ain't bad. It's coolin', but thin—a real nice ladylike sort of drink, I should say. Suppose you take a swig over to Miss Jinny there with my compliments—I'm one to always treat a lady generous if she gives me half a chance."

Obediently Cookie hastened for another cup, set it on a tray, and approached me with his old-time ornate manner. I faced him with a withering look, but, unmindful, he bowed, presenting me the cup, and interposing his bulky person between me and the deeply quaffing pirates. At the same time his voice reached me, pitched in a low and anxious key.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Jinny, spill it out! It am mighty powerful dope—it done fumented twice as long as befo'—it am boun' to give dat trash de blind-staggahs sho'tly!"

Instantly I understood, and a thrill of relief and of hope inexpressible shot through me. I put the cup to my lips and after a brief parade of drinking passed it back to Cookie, spilling the contents on the ground en route.

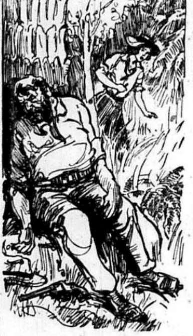
Gradually the rough disjointed talk of the sailors began to languish. Covertly watching, I saw that Chris' head had begun to droop. The hand that held the cup was lifted, stretched out in the direction of the enticing jar, then forgetting its errand fell heavily. After a few spasmodic twitchings of the eyelids and uneasy grunts, Chris slumbered.

Captain Magnus was of tougher fiber. But he, too, grew silent and there was a certain meal-sack limpness about his attitude. His dulled eyes stared dreamily. All at once, with a jerk, he roused himself, turned over and administered to the sleeping Chris a prod with his large boot.

"Hey, there, wake up! What right you got to be asleep at the switch?" But Chris only breathed more heavily.

Captain Magnus himself heaved a tremendous yawn, settled back in greater comfort against his sustaining tree and closed his eyes. I waited, counting the seconds by the beating of the blood in my ears. In the background Cookie hovered apprehensively. Plainly he would go on hovering unless loud snores from the pirates gave him assurance. For myself, I sat fingering my penknife, wondering whether I ought to rush over and plunge it into the sleepers' throats. This would be heroic and practical, but unpleasant. If, on the other hand, I merely tried to free the prisoners and Captain Magnus woke, what then? The palm where they were tied was a dozen yards from me, much nearer to the guards, and within range of even their most languid glance. Beyond the prisoners was Miss Browne, glaring uncomprehendingly over the edge of her book. There was no help in Miss Browne.

I left my seat and stole on feet which seemed to stir every leaf and twig to loud complaint toward the captive pair. Tense, motionless, with burning eyes, they waited. There was a movement from Captain Magnus; he yawned, turned and muttered. I stood stricken, my heart beating with loud thumps against my ribs. But the captain's eyes remained closed.



I Stood Stricken, My Heart Beating With Loud Thumps.

"Virginia—quick, Virginia!" Dugald Shaw was stretching out his bound hands to me, and I had dropped on my knees before him and begun to cut at the knotted cords. They were tough strong cords, and I was hacking at them feverishly when something bounded across the clearing and flung itself upon me. Crusoe, of course!—and wild with the joy of reunion. I strangled a cry of dismay, and with one hand tried to thrust him off while I cut through the rope with the other.

"Down, Crusoe!" I kept desperately whispering. But Crusoe was unused to whispered orders. He kept bounding up on me, intent to fulfill an unachieved ambition of licking my ear. Cuthbert Vane tried, under his breath, to lure him away. But Crusoe'e emotions were all for me, and swiftly becoming uncontrollable they burst forth in a volley of shrill yelps.

A loud cry answered them. It came from Captain Magnus, who had scrambled to his feet and was staggering across the clearing. One hand was groping at his belt—it was flourished in the air with the gleam of a knife in it—and staggering and shouting the captain came on.

"Ah, you would, would you? I'll teach you—but first I'll settle him, the porridge-eatin' Scotch swine—"

The reeling figure with the knife was right above me. I sprang up, in my hand the little two-inch weapon which was all I had for my defense—and Dugald Shaw's. There were loud noises in my ears, the shouting of men, and a shrill continuous note which I have since realized came from the lungs of Miss Higglesby-Browne. Magnus made a lunge forward—the arm with the knife descended. I caught it—wrenched at it frantically—striving blindly to wield my little penknife, whether or not with deadly intent I don't know to this day. He turned on me savagely, and the penknife was whirled from my hand as he caught my wrist in a terrible clutch.

All I remember after that is the terrible steely grip of the captain's arms and a face, flushed, wild-eyed, horrible, that was close to mine and inevitably coming closer, though I fought and tore at it—of hot feverish lips whose touch I knew would scorch me to the soul—and then I was suddenly free, and falling, falling, a long way through darkness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Young Person Scores.

My first memory is of voices, and after that I was shot swiftly out of a funnel from an immense distance and opened my eyes upon the same faces which I had left at some indefinite period in the past. There was Aunt Jane's, very tearful, and Miss Higglesby-Browne's, very glum, and the Honorable Cuthbert's, very anxious and a little dazed, and Cookie's, very, very black. The face of Dugald Shaw I did not see, for the quite intelligible reason that I was lying with my head upon his shoulder.

As soon as I realized this I sat up suddenly, while every one exclaimed at once, "There, she's quite all right—see how her color is coming back!"

The penknife that I had lost in my struggle with Captain Magnus had fallen at the Scotchman's feet. Wrenching himself free of his all but severed bonds he had seized the knife, slashed through the rope that held him to the tree, and flung himself on Captain Magnus. It was a brief struggle—a fist neatly planted on the ruffian's jaw had ended it, and the captain, half dazed from his potations, went down limply.

Throughout the fray Chris slumbered undisturbed, and he and the unconscious Magnus were now reposing side by side, until they should awake to find themselves neatly trussed up with Cookie's clothes-lines.

But my poor brave Crusoe dragged a broken leg, from a kick bestowed on him by Captain Magnus, at whom he had flown valiantly in my defense.

So far so good; we had signally defeated our two guards, and the camp was ours. But what about the pirates who were still in the cave and would shortly be returning from it? They were three armed and sturdy ruffians. It would mean a battle to the death.

Our best hope would be to wait in ambush behind the trees of the clearing—I mean for Dugald Shaw and Cuthbert Vane to do it—and shoot down the unsuspecting pirates as they returned. This desperate plan, which so unpleasantly resembled murder, cast gloom on every brow.

"It's the women, lad," said the Scotchman in a low voice to Cuthbert. "It's—it's Virginia." And Cuthbert heavily assented.

Seeing myself as the motif of such slaughter shocked my mind suddenly back to clearness.

"Oh," I cried, "not that. Why not surprise them in the cave, and make them stay there? One man could guard the entrance easily—and afterward we could build it up with logs or something."

Everybody stared.

"A remarkably neat scheme," said Mr. Shaw, "but impossible of application, I'm afraid, because none of us know where to find the cave."

I shook my head.

"I know!"

There was a lengthy silence. People looked at one another, and their eyes said, "This has been too much for her!"

"I know," I impatiently repeated. "I can take you straight there. I found the tombstone before Mr. Tubbs did, and the cave, too. Come, let's not waste time. We must hurry—they'll be getting back!"

Amazement, still more than half incredulous, surged round me. Then Mr. Shaw said rapidly:

"You're right. Of course, if you have found the cave, the best thing we can do is to keep them shut up in it. But we must move fast—perhaps we're too late already. If they have found the chest they may by now be starting for camp with the first load of doubloons."

Again I shook my head.

"They haven't found the gold," I assured him.

The astonished faces grew more anxious. "It sho' have told on li'le Miss Jinny's brain," muttered Cookie to himself.

"They haven't found the gold," I reiterated with emphasis, "because the gold is not in the cave. Don't ask me how I know, because there isn't time to tell you. There was no gold there but the two bags that the pirates brought back last night. The—the skeleton moved it all out."

"My Lawd!" groaned Cookie, staggering backward.

"Virginia! I had no idea you were superstitious!" quavered Aunt Jane.

"I say, do take some sleeping tablets or something and quiet your nerves!" implored Cuthbert with the tenderest solicitude.

In my exasperation I stamped my foot.

"And while we are arguing here the pirates may be starting back to camp! And then we'll have to kill them and go home and give ourselves up to be hanged! Please, please, come with me and let me show you that I know!" I lifted my eyes to the intent face of Dugald Shaw.

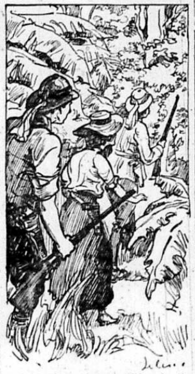
"All right," he said tersely. "I think you do know. How and what, we'll find out later." Rapidly he made his plan, got together the things needful for its execution, looked to the bonds of the still dazed and drowsy prisoners, posted Cookie in their neighborhood with a pair of pistols, and commanded Aunt Jane to dry her tears and look after Miss Higglesby-Browne, who had dismayed every one by most inopportunely toppling over in a perfectly genuine swoon.

Then the Scotchman, Cuthbert Vane and I set off through the woods. The men were heavily armed, and I had recovered my own little revolver and restored it to my belt. Mr. Shaw had seen to this, and had said to me, very quietly:

"You know, Virginia, if things don't go our way, it may be necessary for you to use it—on yourself."

And I nodded assentingly.

We went in silence through the green hush of the woods, moving in single file. My place as guide was in the van, but Mr. Shaw deposed me from it and went ahead himself, while Cuthbert Vane brought up the rear. No one spoke, even to whisper. I guided Dugald Shaw, when needful, by a light tough upon the arm. Our enterprise was one of utmost danger. If we met the pirates it was their lives or ours—and I recall with incredulity my resolution to imbed five of my six bullets in a pirate before I turned the sixth upon myself.



We Went in Silence Through the Green Hush of the Woods.

We passed the grave, and I saw that the vines had been torn aside again, and that the tombstone was gone. We came to the brink of the cliff, and I pointed silently downward along the ledge to the angle in which lay the mouth of the cave. My breath came quickly, for, at any instant a head might be thrust forth from the opening.

Mr. Shaw and Cuthbert dropped down upon the ledge. Though under whispered orders to retreat I could not, but hung over the edge of the cliff, eager and breathless. Then with a bound the men were beside me. Mr. Shaw caught my hand, and we rushed together into the woods.

A quake, a roar, a shower of flying rocks. It was over—the dynamite had done its work, whether successfully or not remained to be seen. After a little the Scotchman ventured back. He returned to us where we waited in the woods—Cuthbert to mount guard over me—with a cleared face.

"It's all right," he said. "The entrance is completely blocked. I set the charge six feet inside, but the roof is down clear to the mouth. Poor wretches—they have all come pouring out upon the sand—"

(To be continued.)

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NERVES AND FAINTING SPELLS

Sent Woman to Bed. Great Change After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sarnia, Ontario.—"After my girlie was born I was a wreck. My nerves were too terrible for words and I simply could not stand or walk without pains. I suffered with fainting spells until I was no longer any good for my household duties and had to take to my bed. The doctor said I should have an operation, but I was not in a fit condition at that time. My neighbor said, 'Why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? I am sure it will do you good and will save those doctor's bills.' So I was advised by my husband to try it after I told him about it. I am very thankful to say that I was soon able to take a few boarders for a while as rooms were scarce at that time. My baby is 17 months old now and I have not yet had an operation, thanks to your medicine. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to a few people I know and have told them the good it has done me. I know I feel and look a different woman these last few months and I certainly would not be without a bottle of your medicine in the house. You can use this letter as you see fit, as I should be only too glad for those suffering as I have to know what it has done for me."—Mrs. ROBERT G. MACGREGOR, R. R. No. 2, Sarnia, Ontario.

A recent canvass of women users of the Vegetable Compound report 98 out of 100 received beneficial results. This is a remarkable proof of its merit. C

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Charcoal From Chica Nut.

The filters with which gas masks were filled during the war, were filled with charcoal made from the chicha nut, which grows in large quantities in South America. The chicha nut might become as popular and as profitable as the Brazil nut if the shells were not so hard. It is almost impossible to break them by any ordinary means without destroying the kernels. A pressure of 1,800 pounds is required. Experimenters found that by immersing the nuts in liquid air for half a minute the shells become so brittle that they may be readily broken. The kernels are not affected by the liquid air, and there is little danger of damaging them in cracking the shells.

A Giggle From Germany.

"How do you find marriage, Fritz?"

"During courtship I talked and she listened. After marriage she talked and I listened. Now we both talk and the neighbors listen."—Boston Transcript.

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WATER IN ANIMAL LIFE

Fluids Compose the Greater Part of the Animal System

How Water Is Lost In the Body—The Functions of Water—Give Healthy Animals Plenty of Water—Reliable Vaccines Free to Qualified Veterinarians.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

The commonplace things in nature are frequently the least considered to be of importance by the lay mind. Water, water everywhere. Yes, the bodies of all our domestic animals are sixty-five per cent. or more composed of water. The muscles of our bodies, which are 78 to 79 per cent. water, are the largest single constituent in the animal body. It may be hard to realize that all animals are largely made of a substance that we are most familiar with as a clear colorless liquid.

How Water Is Lost From the Animal Body.

Water is lost from the animal body in quantity through the lungs and excretory organs, during the processes which we call life, and if life is to be maintained with normal functioning of all body organs the water supply to the body must be kept up to the normal requirement. When an animal is totally deprived of drinking water it dies when ten per cent. of its body water disappears, but will first have lost half its protein and all its fat. Dry the animal out to the extent of ten per cent. by cutting off the supply and life departs. If ten per cent. is disastrous, think how equally detrimental even one or two per cent. would be to the general welfare of the animal. The drinking water and the water of combination in the feed are the sources of supply, and an excess is to be preferred if the animals are not to suffer from thirst and to thrive.

The Functions of Water In the Body.

Water is important on account of its

(1) Solvent power. It holds different chemical elements in solution and makes diffusion of food stuffs possible.

(2) Temperature regulating power. By evaporation from the skin and lungs the temperature is controlled by radiation.

(3) Splitting-up power. It gives up its hydrogen readily and thus forms new energy yielding compounds.

Deprived of water animals soon suffer. Horses suffer quickest and rapidly lose condition if water is not sufficient. It is required to maintain fluidity of blood.

Water is quickly absorbed and thus swells the secretion of urine and to a less extent, that of bile, saliva, and pancreatic juice. Water also increases tissue change and elimination of carbonic dioxide and urea; promotes the appetite and washes out the tissues and aids in the removal of waste matters from the body. Large quantities of water if not taken during the feeding hour tend to favor the formation of fat.

Give Healthy Animals Plenty of Water.

Healthy animals may be given as much water as they desire, with certain restrictions imposed in relation to work and feeding. The good horseman does not allow his horse very much water either immediately before or after severe work or after feeding, knowing that certain digestive troubles are apt to occur. The best plan is "drink before eating" if the animal is in normal condition. Be careful with tired or overheated animals, and see that all farm stock receive sufficient water during the winter period that their bodies may function normally.—L. Stevenson, Department of Extension, O. A. C., Guelph.

RELIABLE VACCINES.

For the Prevention of Contagious Abortion Sent Free of Charge to Qualified Veterinarians.

Reliable abortion vaccines and bacterins are prepared and sold by a number of commercial biological laboratories. Reputable laboratories sell these products only to qualified veterinarians, because they do not consider it advisable or safe as yet to allow an indiscriminate use to be made of them, which might be injurious. They can at all times be procured through qualified veterinarians and used under their direction. The laboratories of the Ontario Veterinary College will be prepared to supply a limited amount of abortion vaccine to qualified veterinary surgeons, providing an owner of cattle makes a request that he desires to have his animals vaccinated, and furnishes the name and address of the veterinarian he desires to employ, and the number of animals to be treated. On receiving such a request, the vaccine will be sent to the veterinary surgeon, with directions as to its use, and on condition that he will report to the College the results obtained. As the keeping of careful records and furnishing the report to the College will take considerable time of the veterinarian, he will receive the vaccine free of charge to compensate him for his trouble. Owners and veterinarians desiring to avail themselves of this arrangement may do so, by writing to the Principal, Ontario Veterinary College, Guelph.

Discriminating buyers secure their cattle from herds that are regularly tested and proven free of tuberculosis and contagious abortion.

The value of the pure-bred cattle industry lies in the ownership of cows which are capable of producing very high class bulls and heifers.

Wanted Particulars.

"I am looking out for a porch climber. Can you direct me where to go?"

"Well, sir, until you particularize I don't know whether you want me to direct you to a florist or to a policeman."

Flies and Germs.

The number of germs on a single fly may range from 550 to 6,000,000. Scientific tests have shown that the average for 414 flies was about 1,250,000 on each.

THE ROMAN WALL IN BRITAIN.

Wall Linked Up Hadrian's Forts—Had Castle Every Mile.

In connection with the announcement that the office of works is taking steps to have Hadrian's Wall scheduled, with a view to its preservation, a special correspondent of a London paper writes:

Wallsend is a name familiar to the domestic hearth; but so familiar that we never think of it as denoting the real end of a real wall, of a wall built right across the island of Britain 1,800 years ago, of a wall which to this day can be traced from sea to sea. And even if, thanks to Mr. Kipling and other writers with imagination, we grasp the idea of the Roman Wall, most of us, before we have seen it are inclined, perhaps to think of a line of heaped turf, or something no grander than that.

Hadrian "flung" a wall across Britain—that is the sort of phrase that the school books use. The Romans did not fling in that sort of way. When they determined to mark off this limit of the Roman Empire and to shut out the savage Picts, they began with flat flagstones laid on rock; they went on with a core of ruble mixed with mortar, and they finished with solid masonry of cut stones, perhaps 20 feet high, 9 feet to 10 feet wide at the bottom, and 6 feet to 8 feet wide at the top.

The phrase the Roman Wall, commonly includes a great deal that is not wall. The wall proper, indeed, comes late in the story of the whole. First in time (as experts tell us) came Agricola's forts and his road (now called the Stangate) which joined them.

Next came Hadrian's forts along a line farther north; and next the vallum, the enormous trench dug across the country on the south, the Roman side of the forts. Not till forts and vallum were finished, we are told, did Hadrian begin the wall itself, which linked up his forts and had a castle at every Roman mile (seven furlongs) and two turrets between every pair of castles. And this vallum, this wall land, these forts, restored by Severus about a century after their making, form together the Roman Wall, of which the remnants would be worth any trouble to see.

To the student of Roman Britain, of course, every step of the way from Newcastle through Carlisle to Bowness is all but sacred, and sure to bring either delight at what remains or regret for what is lost. The tiny corner of the huge subject with which I am concerned at the moment is the ease with which the ordinary traveller can see the best of the Wall and the variety of interest and impressiveness that he will find.

A few miles north of the pleasant old town of Hexham (and castle Hexham's Abbey church and monastic remains would alone be worth going a long way to see) you come to the bridge over the Tyne at Chollerford; and near it, in a private park on the left bank, there lie the remains of the great fort of Cilurnum.

Westward from Cilurnum the road (made by Gen. Wade some 200 years ago, and in places, the motorist might think, never repaired since) runs between wall and vallum. But at the farm called Sewingshields the road inclines south, and the Wall begins to swing along the edge of precipice after precipice, from which the basalt pillars stand up like giants facing the northern foe. Curlews rise and fly restlessly about you, and north and west the vast Northumbrbian landscape of lake and moor and pasture stretches into immensity.

This is the place for the walker; and the farther he can follow the wall along these heights the more he will feel that without any wall he would be happy, and that with it—with these remnants, now a few feet high and now all but level with the ground, of past imperial greatness—he has come upon one of the most exciting places in Great Britain.

Lutherans.

Lutherans is a designation originally applied by their adversaries to the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and afterwards appropriated among Protestants themselves to those who took part with Martin Luther against the Swiss Reformers, particularly in the controversies regarding the Lord's Supper. It is so employed to this day as the designation of one of the two great sections into which the Protestant church was divided, the other being known as the Reformed church. Lutheranism is the prevailing form of Protestantism in Germany, it is the national religion of Denmark, Switzerland and Norway, and there are Lutheran churches in the Baltic provinces of old Russia, in Holland, France, Poland, Great Britain, the United States and other countries. It is estimated that there are over 60,000,000 Lutherans in the world.

The Roads of Norway.

A curious feature to travelers on the highroads of Norway is the great number of gates—upward of 10,000 in the whole country—which have to be opened. These gates, which either mark the boundaries of the farms or separate the home fields from the waste lands, constitute a considerable inconvenience and delay to the traveler, who has to stop his vehicle and get down to open them.

Very Much So.

"I wonder what the poet meant when he alluded to woman in her hours of ease as being uncertain, coy and hard to please."

"I don't know about the coy part," said the saleslady, "but when it comes to picking out a hat she's all the rest of it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At Niagara.

"You had a day at Niagara, I understand."

"Yes; had a delightful time there too."

"Falls were pretty fine, eh?"

"Why—er—we didn't see the falls. We spent all our time at the movies."—Judge.

And Then He Was Fined.

Judge—Then when your wife seized the weapon you ran out of the house? Plaintiff—Yes, sir. Judge—But she might not have used it. Plaintiff—True, your honor. Maybe she picked up the flatiron just to smooth things over.—Boston Transcript.

Who would not have feet set on his neck let him not stoop.—Italian Proverb.

Power Presses In 1814

"The modern newspaper, on a scale of production to meet public demand, may be said to have begun on November 29, 1814," says an article in the London Times. That first trial by the English journal of power, other than that supplied by human muscles, to operate its printing machine was the starting point of developments that no one participating in it could have foreseen. It was of such interest that its hundredth anniversary would have been noted in 1914 had not public attention then been concentrated upon the waging of the war.

Among the difficulties which had to be met when the steam printing press was introduced was the objection of employes to the innovation. That objection was not the manifestation of a feeling confined to men engaged in the printing trade. On the contrary, it was one common in Great Britain during the period of what has been called the industrial revolution. In that period was taking place a great change in methods of production. Mechanical devices were being invented to perform tasks previously done by human hands. The factory system was supplanting the older system under which craftsmen supplied the market with goods made in their own homes. Such a change was not accomplished without suffering due to the necessity for readjustment of economic and social conditions. That suffering caused opposition to the introduction of machinery.

Prior to the installation of the new steam-driven printing press, the Times was printed on hand presses, two of which, operated by four active men could turn out 250 four-page papers in an hour. The new steam press took the rate of printing from 250 to 1,100 copies an hour. Its chief feature was a large cylinder to give the impression from type place on a flat bed and it printed, thus, only one side of the sheet of paper at a time. The cylindrical principle had been involved in schemes of William Nicholson (1753-1815), but it was successfully applied by Frederick Koenig, the son of a farmer in Prussian Saxony.

"Our journal of this day," said the Times of November 29, 1814, "presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in its rapidity and despatch." The press, spoken of with such pride, was small and slow, indeed, compared with its successors of the present day. Nevertheless, it was the forerunner of the giant modern electrically driven rotary presses. Moreover, the development of the modern presses has been accompanied by development of wonderful machines for type setting and other improvements in mechanical appliances that make possible the publication of the great daily newspapers of the day.

When the Koenig press first began to operate there were no trains to be caught in order to distribute a newspaper, and, therefore, the Times says, "one of the most pressing exigencies of modern days had not to be considered. Cables, telegrams and telephones had yet to start on their beneficial—and harrowing—ministration. News was slow in coming and, if it did not come nobody missed it. If London demanded its Times on the breakfast table, the country was more tolerant and could wait for the paper with a patience proportionate to that with which the paper had to wait for its messages from home and abroad." Nevertheless, it is probably true that the production of a newspaper under the handicaps of 1814 was just as wonderful as the production of a newspaper with the advantages of to-day.

Floral Star Fools Insect.

The hairy Scapelia is a cactus which is to be found in tropical and semi-tropical countries. It is an amazing product of nature and few who observe it for the first time are willing to believe that its flower is truly a flower, for it looks exactly like the artificial star of some decoration. It is a thing that bewilders and delights all beholders. The blossom is wonderfully painted in yellow and purple, with a gold centre. When fully expanded, there is a fetid odor, so carrion like as to deceive the common flesh flies, which deposit their eggs round the nectary. These frequently hatch, but the grubs soon die for the want of flesh-food, so that the curious plant affords us a rare instance of error in animal instincts.

Slave-Girls In Hong Kong.

Slave-girls in Hong Kong, who are now entitled to return to their parents, are not all anxious to do so. In many cases they live better and have an easier time with kindly masters and mistresses than they would enjoy at home.

Becoming Better Looking.

British men and women are becoming better looking, as well as healthier, due to improvement in general intelligence.

Polite Example.

"Pa, what is a euphemism?"

"Why, my boy, an example would be to call a liar an economist of the truth."

No Use.

"Do ye ken onything guid for a cold, Sandy?"

"Ay."

"Weel, mon?"

"Hae ye got the price o' twa Scotch whuskies on ye."

"I hae not."

"Then it's nae use ma tellin' ye."

The Elephant.

An elephant works from the age of twelve to the age of eighty. It can haul fifteen tons, lift half a ton, and carry three tons on its back.

TRIBE OF DESERT WARRIORS.

Wahabis Have Regularly Troubled the Peace of the Near East.

Anyone who from the great ridge of hills above Jerusalem looks eastward to where the wide landscape is shut in by the mountains of Moab, writes an Eastern traveller, must feel a certain sense of mystery and menace in the finality with which that straight, sandy barrier, like a great curtain hanging from half the height of the zenith, closes the scene.

Those mountains are a barrier between east and west, the watershed of two worlds. They seem to fence off uncomprehended dangers from western civilization, much as artificial dykes keep the sea out of Holland.

One of the perils hidden behind that mountain wall is the unruly and turbulent power of the Wahabi kingdom.

The Wahabis have made the history of Arabia and its adjacent lands for the last 150 years. For more than a century past they have regularly troubled the peace of the Near East.

They are a race of Arabs inhabiting a tract of country more or less in the centre of Arabia, and their capital, Riyadh, is some eight or nine hundred miles southeast of the Jordan valley. They are a tribe of soldiers and religious fanatics, and perhaps they are the only Moslems left who still seriously regard the "jihad," or religious war against the non-Moslems, as a duty incumbent on all true believers.

The founders of the sect, from whom its name is derived, was a certain Mohammed Ibn Abdul Wahab, a religious ascetic who flourished in the early years of the eighteenth century. He set out to be a reformer of the Mohammedan religion, and there is much in his Puritanical outlook—his condemnation of indulgence in wine and tobacco and the wearing of fine clothes and jewels, and his hatred of elaborate ritual in religion—which recalls the austere regime of the Puritans, in England. At Riyadh the whole population assembles several times a day for public prayers in the great mosque, and severe punishment is inflicted on absentees.

The wild fanatics who adopted the Puritanical tenets of Abdul Wahab succeeded in conquering large tracts of territory. In 1803 their ruler, Saud, was even able to capture Mecca, the Holy City, itself, where he made a bonfire in the courtyard of the great mosque out of all the tobacco, pipes, jewels, silk, and other aids to luxury, as he conceived it, on which he could lay his hands.

Between 1810 and 1818 the conquests of the Wahabis were cut short by the campaigns of Mohammed Ali, the Albanian general of the Turkish Sultan and the first Khedive of Egypt, and his subordinate commanders, and their country reduced to a nominal dependency on Turkey.

The cruelty and treachery of the Turks in these campaigns left an undying legacy of hatred behind, and the Wahabis were ready enough in the late war to rebel against Turkey. To-day they are a free and independent and—it must be added, eminently dangerous people. Together with a similar measure of Puritanism, they have all the fighting qualities of Cromwell's Ironsides.

Hen Helped Sugar Industry.

A Plymouth Rock hen was the means of unfolding the secret of making sugar perfectly white. Biddy, who had been investigating a clay puddle, went with her puddy feet into a sugar-house and left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was observed that wherever the tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were made, and it was discovered that wet clay could be used in refining sugar. The sugar was put into earthen jars, of sugar-loaf form, and clay was put over the tops and kept wet. There were holes at the smaller end of the jar, and the moisture soaking through the sugar dripped from these holes. By this means the sugar was made beautifully white. Sugar refining is now so big an industry that wonderful machinery has been devised to cope with the huge demand; but the secret so accidentally disclosed laid the foundation of the process in use to-day.

VICTOR HUGO'S VISION.

The Day When Weapons of War Will Be Regarded as Curiosities.

A day comes when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all you nations of the continent shall without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality blend in a higher unity and form a European fraternity, as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, all the French provinces, blended into France. A day will come when war shall seem as impossible between Paris and London, between Petersburg and Berlin, as between Rouen and Amiens, as between Boston and Philadelphia.

A day will come when bullets and bombs shall be replaced by ballots, by the universal suffrage of the people, by the sacred arbitrament of a great sovereign senate, which shall be to Europe what the parliament is to England, the diet to Germany, the legislative assembly to France. A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in our museums as an instrument of torture is now and men shall marvel that such things could be.

A day will come when we shall see those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, in face of each other extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their art; their genius clearing the earth, colonizing deserts and ameliorating creation.

To you I appeal, French, English, Germans, Russians, Slavs, Europeans, Americans, what have we to do to hasten the coming of the great day?

Love one another.—Victor Hugo.

Too Costly.

King George II. once wished to add the Green park, in London, to his palace grounds, whether the people liked it or not. He inquired of his minister as to the cost.

His lordship, mindful of the general discontent then prevalent, answered: "The cost, sir? Oh, it would be a matter of three crowns!"

The king took the hint. The people kept their park and the sovereign his triple throne.

TWO INFANT PRODIGIES

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD COMPOSED AN ORATORIO.

Another Youthful Genius Is Helen Douglas Adam Who May Ultimately Enrich the English Language—A Night Song.

Boris Sidis, the infant prodigy of a few years ago, is now toiling obscurely in a store, or was when heard of. His vast erudition, acquired without effort at an age when most boys are painfully learning the difference between capes and isthmuses, did him little good, although it is possible that he will draw dividends upon it later on. While by no means all infant prodigies become illustrious we believe that their chances of doing so are rather better than the chances of infant mediocrities, and nothing is commoner to learn that a man who has acquired fame was notable when a boy. It is true that their rare capacities are not as a rule plain to all, but few boys who distinguish themselves in later years pass through adolescence without attracting the attention of some observers who predict future celebrity for them.

This has been particularly true of musical and literary geniuses. The man who is going to become a great poet usually writes verse as a child, and the man who is to become renowned in the world of music usually shows his bent at an early age. If he is to become an unusual performer it is necessary that he should begin young in order to master the technique of his art. Not many composers, however, have begun as young as Nini Rota Rinaldi, of Milan, who, at twelve years old, was a composer, a musician and a conductor. Italy is almost as proud of him as of d'Annunzio, and musical authorities agree that his work shows not only rare promise, but a solid achievement of which most adult composers might well be proud. At the age of eleven this Italian mite composed an oratorio which he called "The Childhood of St. John," and those who are competent to pass an opinion on it declare that it is an essentially sound and remarkably musicianly piece of work. For a child of eleven to compose an oratorio of any kind would be wonderful; to compose a good one borders on the miraculous.

One would suppose that it would be easier to conduct an oratorio than to compose it, but Nini did not find it so. Indeed his reputation received something of a dent when he undertook recently at Turcoing, France, to conduct an orchestra of 250 pieces through "The Childhood of St. John." His admirers say that the boy was not to blame, but the musicians, or rather, some of them. After he had been conducting for a few minutes some rather disagreeable sound began to make themselves heard from the orchestra. The youthful conductor glared at the offenders, but that did not improve matters. It was evident to him that some of those whom he was trying to guide and inspire through the mazes of the oratorio had lost their way. He probably cursed and protested as is the fashion of the temperamental of various age and finally after five minutes threw down his baton and resigned. With great difficulty he was persuaded to respond to the demand of the audience for an explanation, and then he made a speech denouncing the players. He refused on any account to make a second attempt. Nini's mother, who wishes him to be first a boy and fourteenthly a musical prodigy, is the only one who was pleased at the outcome of the concert, and it is not likely that the lad will appear in public for some time to come.

Another youthful genius who has recently come to light is Helen Douglas Adam, an English girl, who, it is hoped, may ultimately enrich the poetry of the English language. She began unusually early even for a poet and between the ages of four and six composed the following lines:

"Night came sighing and all around was still.
The crimson day lay dying behind the farthest hill.
I saw an angel with a snow-white flower,
And he pulled the petals off, hour by hour."

This has the ring of poetry about it, though the figures are not new. Nevertheless they are remarkable as coming from a lisping infant whose acquaintance with poetry in general must have been extremely limited.

Between the ages of eight and ten the little girl wrote the following verses which are better than the average magazine verse, to say the least—

"Do not sing of the restless day
With its wiles that steal men's hearts away;
Not of striving for wealth and gold,
These things are empty and dry and cold;
Not of the battle fires shining bright,
Singer, sing me the song of the night.

"Sing of the heavens solemn and vast,
Of the moonlight mantle o'er earth that is cast,
For voices sweeter than new-born flowers
Whisper to me in the silent hours,
And the mystic darkness to me is light.
So, singer, sing me the song of the night."

Beware of Widow's Weeds.

"A pretty little widow gave me a box of cigars for my birthday."

"Beware of widow's weeds, old man."

Cause of the Stoop.

"Oh, papa, what makes old Mr. Grabball walk so stoop-shouldered? He looks like a horseshoe.

"I have heard, my son, that many years ago, when he was a little boy, no bigger than you are now, he found a penny."

Builds a Nest of Mud.

The flamingo is the only member of the stork tribe that builds a nest of mud. These birds, which live in large flocks, sleep standing on one leg.

IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Natives Will Not Go Willingly to the "Ghost Islands."

Jack McLaren, who has been roaming the South Seas in a schooner, has this to say of the Solomon Islands and the people who inhabit them:

"I found the Solomon folk, like most South Sea Islanders, full of superstition and belief in the power of sorcery. Every sundown in many places, the approaches to the villages were beaten with boughs to frighten off evil spirits—night being notoriously the time when the spirits "walked about."

There were places where no Islander would willingly go. One of these was the "Ghost Islands," a dozen or so lofty rocks in the centre of a beautiful, smooth-water lagoon. Here the spirits were allowed to do their fishing, for these particular demons possessed bodily needs, and desires.

They reserved these islands specially for themselves, and the native who poached on their preserves was liable to a mysterious and painful end. When I visited these islands to photograph them, I had to row the dinghy from the schooner myself, for no member of the crew would approach nearer than the anchorage.

There were, however, certain spirits of which they were not in the least afraid—the alcoholic variety. They would do almost anything for liquor, and I always had to keep my private supply locked securely away. They would drink anything with a "bite" in it.

Calling at a small island north of Vella Lavella, I found the whole population, men and women, recovering from a protracted "spree," many of them looking very sick and sorry for themselves. I was puzzled to know where they had got the liquor, for there was no resident trader and the villagers had no craft in which to go to Vella Lavella or elsewhere where supplies might be obtained.

Presently I learnt the truth. A European naturalist collecting reptilia on the island had gone away in his cutter for supplies of stores, leaving two casks of specimens behind. The temptation proved too great for the villagers; they tapped the casks and drank the methylated spirits in which the snakes and other horrors were preserved!

Despite the barbarity and treachery of the natives, I think the greatest danger in the Solomons was from disease. In this respect it was the worst of all the groups I have been in. The chief afflictions were malaria and "yaws"—bone-eating ulcers from which few whites were immune. The least scratch was liable to set up a persistent "yaw" which utterly defied raw carbolic and other heroic remedies.

Ill-health, adventure, humor, tragedy—all were part of the day's work in the Solomons; and sometimes the tragedy was a tragedy of the mind alone.

To Makambo there came at times one whose life was a perpetually tragic conflict. She was a Samoan lady, the widow of a European, and very wealthy. By courtesy she was called a queen. Her plantations covered thousands of acres, she was sole owner of several large and fertile islands, and she had a fleet of pearling vessels. In her employ were white men—managers, clerks, overseers of labor. For visiting her outlying plantations she had a private yacht—a most beautiful vessel, luxuriously appointed, fitted with the latest appliances of maritime sciene. There was even a French chef.

At heart, however, the queen remained a native; island customs, superstitions, and traditions were dearer to her than all the adjuncts of advanced civilization. There were times when she cast aside her dignity and joined in the wild dances of her natives, when she gave herself to the abandon of one who all her life had known only a barbarous freedom.

Her existence was one continual struggle between presenting an appearance in keeping with her wealth and position and the pull of age-old hereditary influences. She was a paradox. Of all the tragedies I have known I think hers the greatest.

Britain's Little Incomes.

In the minds of most people the national revenue is linked almost solely with the millions derived from income-tax, the duties on beer and spirits, and Customs dus. But the country's purse is augmented by many sources unrealized by the average person.

Prison gardens, for example, produec a small yearly income. Brompton Cemetery burial fees add their quota to Britain's money-bags. Photographs sold at the National Gallery and the British Museum add a few hundreds a year, while the Tower of London contributes its gate money. At least £100,000 a year is derived from the Persian oilfields, while dividends on shares in the Suez Canal amount to £500,000 a year.

Wrecks and derelicts driven ashore; filings of precious metals used at the Royal Mint; certain police court receipts; crown land rents—all these minor items helps to pay Britain's way.

Selecting the Golf Ball.

The small heavy ball will go farther than the lighter or larger ball for the player who can hit it extremely hard owing to its less resistance from the air. Because of its weight and small size it can bore its way through the air almost like a bullet. In the case of a lady or a very light hitter I firmly believe they will get much better results with the large light ball since because of its greater resiliency it will get the maximum distance from a much lighter blow. So my advice would be for a light hitter to use the light ball, the average hitter the medium weight and the hard hitter the heavy ball.—Outing.

Phi Beta Kappa.

Phi Beta Kappa are the names of three letters of the Greek alphabet, the initial letters of three Greek words, Philosophia Biou Kubernetes, which means "philosophy the guide of life."

This is the name of the oldest of the Greek letter college societies. Membership is bestowed as an honor for exceptionally good scholarship. The society originated at William and Mary college in 1776, but has extended to many other colleges and universities. There are about 17,000 names in the catalogue. Members wear a gold watch key as a badge, with emblem and inscriptions.—Philadelphia Press.

PERILS OF BAD AIR.

Reduced Vitality, Loss of Appetite and General Bad Health.

Air is bad when it is overheated, when it contains an excess of moisture and when it is chemically contaminated. This is the conclusion of the New York state commission on ventilation as summarized by Professor C. E. A. Winslow, chairman.

The first indictment against bad air shows that an increase in temperature beyond the normal 70 degrees produces serious derangement of the vasomotor mechanism of the body, resulting in a rise of temperature, increased pulse and a lowered blood pressure, with a corresponding decrease in efficiency, both physical and mental. In addition to this, overheating conduces to an undesirable congestion of the mucous membranes of the nose, thus possibly paving the way for colds, sore throats and attacks of various germ diseases.

The work of the commission also proves that chemical accumulations in the air as a result of air stagnation bring about a decreased appetite for food, which, in turn, must have an unfavorable effect on the entire body. In the commission's experiments the people living in fresh air ate 4½ to 13 per cent more than those living in stagnant air.

"These experiments," says Professor Winslow, "indicate that fresh air is needed at all times and in all places. While we have changed our ideas as to what causes bad air, ventilation is just as essential to remove heat produced by human bodies as it was once thought to be to remove the carbon dioxide produced by human lungs, and it is now proved also to be essential for carrying away chemical products which exert a measurable effect upon the appetite for food. People who live and work in overheated and unventilated rooms are reducing their vitality and rendering themselves an easy prey to all sorts of diseases."

WARRING ON RUST.

Problems With Which Iron and Steel Experts Are Wrestling.

This age of steel has roused a world wide battle with rust, and more chemists and other experts are studying possible weapons for this battle than are busy on almost any other industrial problem. Concrete owes much of its present growth to the difficulty of protecting steel and iron against rust.

Absolutely pure iron will not rust, and fairly pure iron will rust only slowly. One way, therefore, is to improve the grade of iron, and manufacturers now sell iron that is guaranteed to withstand rust for considerable periods. It is possible, though expensive, to purify iron completely by electricity, and electrolytic iron, as it is called, may before long be common commercially.

Surface coats of protection are, however, the favorite methods of today, and many such coatings have appeared lately. The latest one is a metal coat that can be applied on an iron or steel structure after it has been erected in much the same way that paint is applied. Finely powdered metals—such as tin, lead or zinc, or all three in proper proportion—are mixed in oil and painted on the bridge or column or other structure that needs protection. Then the painted surface is heated by a hand torch or in whatever way is most convenient.

The oil burns away, and the powdered metal melts, but does not run. As the metal cools it takes a tight grip on the iron surface and forms a tin or alloy coat, which stops rust.—Saturday Evening Post.

INSIDE A THUNDERSTORM.

Only Follow Roads and Railroads By Accident.

Thunderstorms, as a usual thing, drift from southwest towards the northeast. This is the direction the winds take as they enter areas of low barometric pressure in regions favorable to the formation of thunderstorms.

They get larger and larger as they move, until at last they grow unwieldy and break to pieces. It is easy to watch a thunder shower drift by, and perhaps to be caught in it, but travelling with it is hard to do.

Storms are no respecters of roads or railways, and only follow them by accident. Here, then, is an interesting account of an eye-witness, who travelled for fifteen miles in a thunder shower, and saw it inside and out.

"We were in a train," he says, "which was travelling due east at about 22 miles per hour. The storm appeared in the southwest, behind us, coming up at about 30 miles per hour. It soon became apparent that it would cross our track, and we would pass through it.

"When first we saw it, its head lay south and west of us, with one arm flung out behind us. It overtook us slowly. First, we felt the cool outdraft from the thunder head, and from the arm behind us. As the head drew closer, the wind rose to a squall that made the air murky with dust. Standing still, this squall would have been over in a few minutes. As it was, we travelled with it for almost two miles, until our eyes and hair were filled with grit.

"Lightning flashed on either side of us. Most of the rain in a thunderstorm is concentrated in three spots, the heads and the tips of two arms. Most of the lightning in the storm flashes between these centres. You have, no doubt, often seen the long, horizontal tongues leaping from cloud to cloud.

"The rain caught up with us, came down around us, and passed us. Then in front of us what looked like another, and southwest what seemed like a follower, the crescent-like arms. We ran for about four miles in dry air, but all the trees and buildings we saw were dripping wet. The storm head pulled away, and the southern arm drew nearer. It bent back so far that its shape nearly paralleled the path of our track. When it overtook us we experienced the hardest rain of all, and we were in it the longest time.

"A few miles further on we moved out of the track of the storm. Its edge was sharp, not over a few rods wide. When the storm started it was about five miles from tip to tip, but in those fifteen miles it grew until it measured about ten. At no place, however, was its thickness more than a mile."

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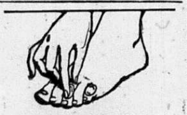

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March 17th — St. Andrew's Ladies' Aid are again serving a supper on this date. 11-tf

Jas. Vine is selling off his farm stock and implements on March 7th. Watch for later announcement.

Mr. Wm. Greer, Water street west, suffered a stroke of paralysis on Saturday evening, while partaking of his evening meal. Latest reports says his condition is slightly improved.

Mr. Paul Stein, who has been Clerk of the Township of Denbigh, Abinger and Ashby for a long number of years has resigned his position on account of advancing years.

Mr. Moses Lessard, who has been clerk of the Township of Kaladar, Anglesea and Effingham for a long number of years, has resigned and Mr. Howard Hasler has been appointed in his stead.

At a meeting of the joint Boards of Trinity Church on Monday evening, a hearty and unanimous invitation was extended to Rev. W. R. Tanton to remain as pastor for a third year. Mr. Tanton accepted the invitation.

Special Sunday evening services at Trinity Church at 6.30-7. Organ recital, half hours with the great composers, by Professor Baird. Next Sunday, III Gounod. 7 p.m. Subject—"Christianity and Politics."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold a public meeting in memory of Francis Willard, in the Presbyterian school room on February 17th, at three o'clock. Surprise soap wrappers will be very acceptable.

A District Ministerial Conference is being held in Napanee this week, under the auspices of the Lennox and Addington Ministerial Association. The special speaker is Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Toronto. Nearly all the ministers of this district are in attendance at the meetings. Special meetings for the general public have been arranged for in Trinity school room on Tuesday and Thursday at 7.30 and in Grace school room on Wednesday evening.

About sixty-five members and friends were entertained in Grace Church school room on Tuesday evening by the "Helping Hand" Bible Class. The evening was spent in games, community singing and ocntests, while the orchestra rendered valuable assistance, which was much appreciated by all. About ten o'clock the assembly were seated at very nicely decorated tables, where they were served with oysters and numerous other good things. After all had done full justice at the well laden tables the remainder of the evening was spent in music and speeches.

"Refrain thy tongue from evil," 1 Peter 3-10; "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith, without wavering," Heb. 10-23; "Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another," Gal. 5-26; "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth," Isa. 43-10; "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," Mark 10-14.

Jesus hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In Him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Waking the Sleepers.

In a diary kept in 1646 it is asserted that "Allen Brydges has been chose to wake the sleepers in meeting and, being much proud of his place, must needs have a fox taile fixed to the end of a long staffe, wherewith he may brush the faces of them that will have naps in time of discourse." This energetic individual was likewise armed with "a sharpe thorne" for the benefit of those who "be most sounde." There is a record of the use of this implement upon Mr. Tompkins, who was sleeping comfortably in the corner of his pew when Allen "thrust his staff behind Dame Ballard to give him a grievous prick upon the hand, whereupon Mr. Tomkins did spring much above the floor and with terrible force did strike his head against the wall and also to the great wonder of all 'prophanelie' exclaim in a loud voice, 'Buss the woodchuck!' he dreaming, as it seemed, that a woodchuck had seized him and bit his hand."

What "Amen" Means.

Amen is a Hebrew word signifying yes, truly. In Jewish synagogues the amen is pronounced by the congregation at the conclusion of the benediction. Among the early Christians the prayer offered by the presbytery was concluded by the word "amen," uttered by the congregation. Justin Martyr is the earliest of the fathers who alludes to the use of the response. At the conclusion of a prayer it signifies, according to the English church catechism, "so be it;" after the repetition of the creed, "so it is."

Shoot the Fish.

Instead of using nets or the conventional hook and line, the natives of Guiana shoot the fish with bow and arrows, says the Popular Science Monthly. The arrow used is designed especially for this purpose and is about five feet in length, with no feathers. The head, which is barbed, is made from sheet iron and is provided with a socket which is slipped over the head of the shaft and with a light, strong line about ten feet long.

Dangerous Snakes.

The only dangerous snakes in the United States, according to the Scientific Monthly, are: First, those snakes bearing a rattle; second, those having a series of dark brown hourglass shaped markings on a lighter brown background.

Chance For an Invention.

There are dolls which say "Mamma" and "Papa." Why doesn't some one invent a golf ball that will say, "Here I am?"—Indianapolis Star.

Mexico's Iron Hill.

Cerro del Mercado near Durango, is the largest iron deposit in Mexico. It is a great mound 640 feet high and is said to be almost a mass of iron.

God never sendeth mouth but he sendeth meat.—Heywood.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. Reidman, Toronto, is visiting her brother, Mr. Geo. A. Blewitt.

Miss Helen Benn spent last week with friends in Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine Bell, Kerrobert, Sask., have been visiting friends at Enterprise.

Mr. Chas. B. Fox, East St. Louis, Mo., spent Sunday the guest of his father, Mr. Max Fox.

Mrs. Stanley Howe, Port Credit, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Root.

Miss Marguerite Kouber returned from the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, on Saturday, after undergoing an operation for appendicitis.

Little Miss Isabel Rutherford, Kingston, spent last week with her cousin, Master Douglas Graham.

Miss S. Graham, Kingston, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. J. M. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Solmes leave on Wednesday for Syracuse, N.Y., for a short visit with relatives.

Mrs. A. G. Vine and son, Gordon, Winnipeg, Man., are renewing acquaintances in Napanee.

Mrs. W. S. Herrington spent last week with friends in Toronto.

Capt. Miles Miller sailed for England last week, after spending the past number of weeks at his home here.

Mr. Fred Blewitt, Toronto, was in Napanee last week attending the funeral of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Geo. A. Blewitt.

Mr. Waite, Manager of the local branch of the Dominion Bank, spent the week-end with his family in Toronto.

Mrs. P. H. Howard, Stella, is visiting friends at Marlbank.

Mr. Max Rixen, Hamilton, has assumed the position in the Bank of Montreal formerly occupied by Mr. Hoag.

Mr. and Mrs. Joyner, Bank of Montreal, Hespeler, spent the week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Vanalstine.

Mrs. D. McFarlane, South Napanee, who has been quite ill, we are pleased to report as improving nicely.

Mr. M. C. Dunn, former officer of the Bay of Quinte Ry. at Yarker and latterly with the Canadian National at Kingston, has been appointed city passenger and ticket agent at Brockville.

Mrs. Geo. E. Storms, Chicago, is the guest of Mr. J. W. Hambly and Mrs. Hollis.

Mrs. Hollis, Mrs. Storms and Mr. J. W. Hambly go to Toronto on Wednesday to meet Miss Olive Hambly, who is on her way home from Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Richardson, Mrs. Horace Yeomans and L. Yeomans, Belleville; Mr. Fred Daly, London; Mr. E. W. Grange, Ottawa; Mr. Wm. Hanson, Montreal; Mr. Adam Fullerton, Brockville, and Cadet Wm. Daly, Kingston, were in Napanee on Saturday attending the funeral of the late Fred Richardson.

DEATHS

Blewitt—At Napanee, on Tuesday, February 3rd, 1925, Clarissa Minaker, beloved wife of Mr. Geo. A. Blewitt, aged 77 years.

Forward—At Syracuse, N.Y., on Friday, January 30th, 1925, Mrs. Nancy Forward, aged 86 years.

Richardson—At Napanee, on Thursday, February 5th, 1925, Frederick Samuel Richardson, aged 72 years.

CHINESE EDIBLE DOGS.

They Are Fed Mainly Upon Daintily Prepared Vegetable Food.

English bon vivants have tested the merits of the Chinese edible dog, and they pronounce it very good dog indeed.

The dog is destined from the beginning for the table. Like the edible rat of the same country, it is fed mainly upon vegetable food, which is often delicately prepared and specially devised, in order to give the dog's flesh a peculiar flavor and aroma. The result is something quite different from the flesh of the ordinary dog of the western world.

The genuine Chinese edible dog is known by its bluish black tongue, which is a peculiar mark of its variety. In infancy and early youth the dog's tongue is red, and upon reaching maturity and the edible age it suddenly becomes black, sometimes within two weeks.

Another peculiarity of this dog is its lack of the barking faculty. It is said that the dog can bark, and on occasions does so, but these occasions are rare.

Many experiments, most of them unwilling, were made with the flesh of dogs during the Paris siege. Newfoundlands and St. Bernards were preferred, under the mistaken impression that they would prove more eatable than other varieties. They proved to be detestable in all cases.—Every Week.

Africa.

Africa is the most elevated of all the continents. It is the "continent of plateaus." The great tableland in the south has a mean altitude of over 3,500 feet. The wide tableland on the north has an average elevation of about 1,300 feet.

Impossible.

"Can't you play tennis without making all that noise?"

"Why, how can you expect us to play it without raising a racket?"

Excluded.

Ascum—Well, well! I congratulate you, old man. And how is the baby to be named? Popley—By my wife's people, it seems.—Exchange.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

A Young Man Often Stops an Older Business Man

saying, "Excuse me, sir, would you mind giving a young fellow a little advice?"

It is only the careless or unscrupulous that go dashing ahead, not knowing or caring where they are going to land.

It is better to be too careful than take great risks.

In cases of doubt or perplexity as to what is right or what is best, do not make any mistake; always reason up to the most honorable standards.

The business man who studies only his own interest grows narrow, mean and foolish.

"Sharp men, like sharp needles, break easy, though they pierce quick."

Remember the old fellow who said:

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Daily Attractions at Robinson's

Quality Merchandise at Lessened Prices.
Regular Lines at Right Prices.
Unpacking of New Spring Lines.

These Spring Hats Won't Wait for the Weatherman

Women, if you want to be really well turned out, you won't wait either, as it is most fashionable to wear Silk and Satin Hats with winter coats of cloth or fur.

We chose these Hats from a very outstanding manufacturer—you'll find them snug fitting styles, both smart and authentic.

Coming as they do in a bright colorful range of shades, they'll add much attractiveness to your winter's costumes.

All are excellently made, and no two are alike.

See them in our Millinery Section.

A SPRING SHIPMENT OF MISSES' AFTERNOON DRESSES HAS ARRIVED

They are fresh new dresses that have a convincing way of telling the Spring Story of Fashions and Materials. They come too in the favored colors with Almond Green leading the list—while other prominent shades are Navy, Rust, Sandalwod and Black.

Again these clever dresses show the straight silhouette with added interest in details—soft-toned lace or lingerie collars, decorative pockets, fan pleating set on below the knees, bead bands, insets of contrasting colored pleated panels, buttons, pleating and ties are all a part of the fashionable way in Spring Dresses.

These Dresses are now on display. Come and see them. Moderately priced.

"SPORT" MODELS IN WOOL FLANNEL DRESSES COME EXCEEDINGLY CLEVER IN COLOR AND DESIGN

As a sports fabric well within the reach of all, "Flannel" reigns supreme. For the in-coming season their vogue triumphs in vivid plain colorings, in wide colorful stripes and in two-toned plaids.

Straight lines still remain the vogue here, while many indeed are the various decorative innovations. The straight-line frock with its wide suede belt and high closing collar, is the last word.

We invite you to see the fine, exclusive range that we are now showing in Matrons as well as Misses' models.

They are obtainable in shades of Rose, Mauve, Sand, Grey, Castor and Spruce.

THE NEWEST IN LADIES' NECKWEAR

Stiff Laundered Collar and Cuff Sets are the latest in neckwear. Plain linen in White, Orange, Lavender, Blue, Rose, Nile Green. The collars are the long Peter Pan style, the cuffs are button holed to be worn with links, outside the dress sleeve. Priced 75c., $1.00 sett.

Ties worn with these collar and cuff setts are the soft Windsor style, tied in a small bow with long flowing ends. These come in plain shades of Silk Crepe-de-chine, also colored plaids, Priced 50c., 75c., each.

Belts to be worn with one-piece dresses, in Patent Leathers, Kid and Suede, widths from 1½ to 3 inches.

Patent Belts in plain colors, White, Black, Red, also Black with Red, and Black with White, 2 inches in width, priced 50c. each.

Suede Belts in shades of Brown, Grey, Red, width 1½ inches, priced 50c., 75c. each.

Fancy Perforated Patent Belts in Black and White, width one inch, priced 35c. each.

Narrow Patent Belts, in Black and Red, width one inch, price 25c. each.

MEN'S BLACK SATEEN WORK SHIRTS, SPECIAL AT $1.50 EACH

These shirts are made from a beautiful sheeny quality of a strong Sateen, double stitched throughout, shoulders reinforced with a triple stitched yoke, black buttons, two breast pockets, extra good fitting collar. Sizes 14½ to 17.

BROADCLOTH SILK WILL BE POPULAR THIS COMING SEASON.

Plain colors now in stock, $1.25 yd. Colors, Apricot, Peach, Whirlpool, Crabapple, Navy, White, Jade. We present for your approval a very superior quality of Silk Broadcloth in plain colors. This class of merchandise will be very popular this season. The quality is better than usual, being a special line of silk, that is both firm and rich in appearance.

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH FLAXMAN SHIRTS ARE HERE AGAIN

Coming in that old standard cloth, which is made, one thread of linen and one thread of cotton. The shirts are extra large sized, body-lined back and front with heavy cotton, stayed at every point of strain, will outwear any two ordinary shirts. We import them direct from the makers in England. We give them our unqualified guarantee as to size and satisfactory wear.

Lighter patterns come with neckband, price $2.25 each.

Darker patterns come with collar attached, price $2.50 each.

FOR COMPLETE SATISFACTION—CHOOSE FROM THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY

Gossard Corsets

Choosing a Corset should never be a question of guess-work. It is unquestionably the most important garment in your wardrobe. Your finished appearance, your poise and your comfort all depend on selecting your particular type of corset.

In the Gossard line of beauty are nine ideal figure types. Each is designed to meet special requirements. From the vast array of styles you will find just the proper model for your particular style.

We have just unpacked our Spring range of Gossard Corsets. They're beautifully made from dependable materials.

Our Corsetieres would gladly assist you in your choosing. Come in and be fitted before the rush starts.

The Gossard Brassiere is as famous as the Gossard Corset. We have complete ranges in both.

OUTSTANDING VALUES IN MERCHANDISE USED EVERY DAY DISPLAYED IN OUR STAPLE DEPARTMENT

At 25 cents per yard, a plain, all linen glass towelling, 22 inches wide. This is a material quite free from lint and an exceptionally good dryer.

Equally good are other lines in all linen roller towelling, priced as, 16 inches wide at 20 cents, 17 inches wide at 25 and 30 cents. These are lines that have proved their dependability.

Meritas Table Cloths, come 54 inches square, they come in colored patterns of Tan and Blue on White foundations. You'll find them splendid for every-day use. The colors are fast and can be washed with a damp cloth. These have the appearance of linen at an Oilcloth price, which is $1.50 per square.

Stamped Buffet Sets come in three pieces and in two qualities. These are in dainty patterns on white grounds. One line is 25c. each, a better quality in white near linen, hemstitched at 75c. each.

Stamped Natural Linen Centres in 22 inch size are special at 45c. each, 27 inch size are 65c. each.

Stamped Natural Linen Scarfs, 18 x 50 inch size are 75 cents each.

"HEADLIGHT" WORK SHIRTS
FOR MEN WHO APPRECIATE COMFORT AND QUALITY
12 SUPERIOR QUALITY FEATURES

1. A big, roomy, comfortable shirt.
2. The popular Coat Style.
3. Fine count tight woven cloth.
4. Six button front, buttons close together, keeps bottom closed.
5. Two breast pockets, double stitched.
6. Convenient pencil pocket in every shirt.
7. Double stitched cuffs with extra button to close sleeve opening.
8. Continuous piece "no tear" sleeve opening.
9. Extra strong durable "buttonholes," threads packed tightly together.
10. Button-stay, doubly stitched, irons easily, does not get into button holes.
11. Shoulder double yoked and double stitched.
12. The Blue dye used is a fast dye and permanent, does not come out in washing. Just as clean and strong as ever, after washing.

Line No. 1—Railroad Blue Shirt, collar attached.
Line No. 2—The new Polka Dot Blue, collar attached.
Every Headlight garment is entrusted with the Headlight reputation.

FANCY TRIMMINGS AND THREAD TO MAKE TRIMMINGS IN SMALLWARE DEPARTMENT

Fancy Rick Rrack Braid in the following shades: Yellow, Lavender, Red, Sky, Green, 5c. yd.

Plain Rick Rack Braid, colors Rose, Yellow, Lavender, Blue, 20c. card.

Tatting edges in all shades, 3 yards for 15c.

Bias seam binding, six yards on a card, shades, Rose, Yellow, Green, Lavender, 20c. yard. White and Black in all widths, price 18c. to 25c. card.

Gingham Bias Binding, colors Lavender, Rose, Blue, 6 yards, 25c. card.

Embroidered stranded cotton in all shades, 4c., 3 for 10c.

Embroidered stranded cotton, large skeins in White, size 25, at 20c.

Quality,
Service,
Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.